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The Collegiate

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Alva E. Ford 1-D coll.



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* * * *

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THE COLLEGIATE

Published under the Auspices of the S.C.I. Literary Society.

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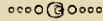
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In
recognition
of her willing services
to the students, we respectfully
dedicate this issue of "The Collegiate" to
Mary A. Harris, B. A.

Forward



So many forewords have been introduced by metaphors that it seems rather difficult to find something original. That well-worn sentence "Father Time has swung his scythe and cut another swath" is so suitable that it would be useless to attempt to conceive of anything more appropriate.

We might, however, consider ourselves as returning from another voyage; a voyage of which we might well be proud although we may not claim the piratical success of other years. Our numerous new ventures might well be represented by a shift of sail, for often have we deviated from the usual course, seeking adventure in unknown waters. They were not always calm. Some of them we found to be rough and stormy but we emerged from them safe and more experienced into the sunny seas of fortune.

If, now, as we approach the harbour, we stand upon the deck and look backward, we see the swells from our craft spreading, ever spreading in the distance, and we think of them as the visible results of our voyage, as our influence, and we feel certain that on some distant shore, sometime they will have a noticeable effect. Very seldom are we privileged to see them rouse some dormant object into sudden action but we are satisfied with the knowledge that it is so.

Almost every student who entered in the activities last year graduated from the school; consequently the majority of this year's students felt very inexperienced and showed a hesitancy in accepting any responsible positions. The usual unknown talent was discovered, however, and the graduates, as they read this issue, will realize that, in spite of their absence, the work of the school is still being carried on.

It is only natural that the thoughts of the Alumni would wander back to the school. The old students must often wonder what is going on within the walls of the old school they left behind, and then suddenly they realize that we are no longer there. We are those whom they spoke of as the fortunate future students and only we, who are in a position to appreciate our opportunities, can realize how fortunate we are. Using this edition as a medium we wish to bring them back and proudly show them our unrivalled progress in the past year and our enviable record in every branch of school life.



THE PIERPONT MORGAN REFERENCE AND RESEARCH LIBRARY

On Friday, February the fifteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty-four, the magnificent collection of unique and priceless books and manuscripts begun by the late J. Pierpont Morgan Sr., and added to by his son, the present J. Pierpont Morgan, was generously presented to the public by the latter, its recent owner. It was put under the management of six trustees appointed by Mr. Morgan to administer as a public reference library.

The very beautiful building which contains this vast store of knowledge is also a part of the gift. It was designed by Charles F McKim and is situated next to the Morgan Mansion at Thirty-Sixth street and Madison Avenue. An endowment of one and a half million dollars was presented for its maintenance.

When pressed for a valuation of the building and contents Mr. Morgan thought it to be in the vicinity of seven million dollars; those who have seen it however, say that this is a very conservative estimate and suggest that a figure nearly double this amount would not be too much. It is declared by book-lovers and collectors to be the most magnificent gift of its kind ever made to the public.

The Library contains thousands of literary and artistic treasures, some of which are the only ones of their kind in existence. On entering, one of the first things to be seen is a glass-covered case con-

taining a collection of medieval books bound in gold with gem-studded covers. The main entrance leads one into a lofty, domed hall decorated with statuary. On each side are two great, high-ceilinged rooms, one containing the rare books which constitute the famous Morgan collection; the other, holding the art treasures of the building. At the farthest end of the book room is a huge fire-place above which hangs an enormous tapestry which makes the two-storied building seem but one. The walls of the room are hidden by books, placed on racks which reach the ceiling. A balcony, half way up, encircles the room. The floor is covered with rich rugs and in the room are several glass-enclosed tables upon which are placed many rare volumes, one of them being that which contains the earliest date, "The Gutenberg Bible."

In making the presentation Mr. Morgan stated that he did not intend to have the library used as a public or circulating center; it is to be used only by students and research workers who would have some reason other than mere curiosity for examining the books. The real value lies in the fact that it contains first editions and authors' manuscripts which exist nowhere else in the world. If these were to be handled indiscriminately by the general public they would soon be destroyed, and for the most part they are not volumes which would interest the public. The Library will be maintained therefore as a work-place for scholars and scient-

ists. Such treasured literature as the original autographed manuscripts of great authors and poets such as Dickens, Keats, Hugo, Scott and Thackeray are not for the inquisitive inspection of curiosity-seekers or sight-seers. The valuable collection also contains volumes which are precious because of their gold and silver bindings, many ancient coins, letters and rare documents such as those of George Washington and Marie Antoinette.

This is without doubt the finest collection of rare and odd books which has ever been put at the disposal of the public. Mr. Morgan has made a great gift and a lasting one.

SPRING COMES TO S. C. I. & T. S.

All signs point to the coming of Spring. "Pinafore" put the final master stroke to a successful year of public activity. The games in the Wossa series have been run off to the finals, and our hopes are high. The Easter examinations have been posted and our hopes are not so high. Already the teachers are dining the familiar old refrain: "June—June!" We have come to a startling realization of the hours we have wasted and the things we do not know. The season has come when we must lay aside festivity and settle down to the long grind.

Lately some of us have been wondering if we have not been neglecting the most important part of our school life. Is there nothing to be proud of but athletic glory, histrionic honours, or the fact that none of us have yielded to the instinct of self-exaltation and pencilled our names on the virgin walls of our beautiful building? What about academic honours? Candidates from our school for the Departmental examinations in recent years have not been ranking high. It is not one or two, or even half a dozen scholarship students, who give a school a high standing. This responsibility rests with the student body as a whole, all working for a good average. We are inclined to

slip over our studies as lightly as possible, and give most of our time and thought to other activities, and our parents are inclined to think that there are too many of these in the school. But there are not. The trouble lies in the fact that we let these things fill our minds during the hours when we are apparently studying.

We have heard quite a bit about concentration lately, to which we may very well give heed. We regret that there is not time to try all the study helps our teachers have suggested. However, if we regularly spend a reasonable time in concentrated study, we should find little difficulty in keeping up a fair average; but to fall behind is fatal. The old saying goes: "Work while you work, and play while you play." Of course, very few of us ever spoil a perfectly good dance or basket ball game by worrying over a problem in geometry which we were unable to solve that morning. But the first part of the adage is just as good a piece of advice as the last.

Few of us are so very far behind but, that with a little extra effort, we may pull ourselves out of the rut and up into the middle of the road again. Let us all put forth that extra effort, and see if the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School after the June examinations, will not excel in academics, as it does in all other respects.

On reading over this article, we are afraid that the reader will find it too "preachy." But after all, it is the best things in life which are preached about, and what more valuable asset is there with which a man may fit himself for life's labour than a good education?

CANADIANS FOR CANADA

Out of every one hundred persons in Canada, twenty-five are attending school. This is a splendid outlook for the future, pointing toward an increased population and a higher mental standard. But how many of these will use their Canadian education in Canada? American bus-

iness men say quite frankly that they would rather employ Canadian trained men and women than those educated in their own schools, and the big cities of our wealthy neighbor seem to possess greater advantages for progressive young people than those of our own country. During the last ten months immigrants have brought into the country effects to the value of five and a quarter millions of dollars. In the same time emigrants have taken out with them over nine and a half millions. Of this amount over eight and three quarter millions have gone into the States. These people are not only taking much needed capital out of the country, but brains and energy which might very well be expended right here. There is no country in the world with greater possibilities of development than Canada, and the unsettled population of the country, especially young people who are just making a beginning, should be made to realize this. We need Canada for Canadians, and Canadians for Canada.

THIS ISSUE

The By-Laws of the Senior Literary Society state that an annual magazine must be published by the Society. The executive appointed an Editorial Staff which it considered capable of producing an issue to rank in quality with any previous publication and we have endeavoured to justify our position and hope that by the production of this mag-

azine we have lived up to their expectations.

We do not wish to complain and it is not our desire to cast reflections upon our contributors or those who have supported us in any way, but we feel that we are justified in including every student who failed to help us make the magazine a success, in a reprimand which they only too well deserve.

This is a school magazine, students. Why do you hesitate to do your share? Is it because you have lost interest? Is it because you feel that it is not worth while? We would hate to think that either of these was the cause; that you were not enthusiastic over the publication, that anyone would expect a tangible recognition of anything he might do to make it successful. It is too late to help us now but next year see that you have something published; something of your own in the magazine to make it more interesting to yourself.

We wish to extend our appreciation to those who so willingly supported us through advertising and we would ask our readers to give those who have stood behind us their consideration. Read the advertisements and patronize our advertisers.

No reader of this issue could fail to notice the neatness of the arrangement of every section of the magazine. We certainly appreciate the thoughtfulness and careful consideration of the printer, Mr. Whitcombe and his staff.





S. C. I. & T. S. STAFF

STANDING—MR. KNOX, MR. DORE, MR. DOBINS, MISS SCARROW, MR. COOKE, MISS FERGUSON, MISS CRUICKSHANK, MR. SLEETH, MISS RAMSEY, MR. FIELDING, MISS CLARK, MR. DENNIS, MISS PUGH, MR. ASKER, MR. KEEPER.

SITTING—MR. DURNFORD, MISS BROWN, MRS. URQUHART, MR. GRANT, MR. CAMPBELL, MR. DENT, MISS JONES, MR. ASHURY, MISS HARRIS.



School Activities

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

Owing to the large number of students enrolled in the school this year, and as this is one body in which every pupil is a member, it was thought advisable to divide the Society into two groups, Junior and Senior. The Junior Literary Society comprises the students of the first and second years, while the Senior includes the third, fourth and fifth forms. The advantages of the change are readily seen, the Junior students seizing the opportunity given them, have learnt to accomplish things on their own initiative. Last year acoustic difficulties were encountered, which by the two societies being formed is lessened to a great degree by more compact bodies.

Early in October a meeting was called for the purpose of nominating officers for the ensuing year with Joseph Jordan acting as chairman. Meetings have been held regularly every two weeks, and have been successful in every way.

The first duty of the newly appointed executive was to draw up a constitution to suit the needs of the Society. A committee of six was appointed to arrange a new set of regulations, which were submitted to the members at the following meeting. With a few minor changes the new constitution was adopted, and has recently been printed, copies of which were distributed among the members for the nominal charge of five cents.

This year the programmes have been placed in the hands of the different forms, a schedule of the meetings being posted in each room showing the dates and the subject suggested by the executive. The programmes have been, as a rule excellently prepared and delivered, but special mention may be made of the one put on by the students of 3B, in the form of addresses on Bret Hart, which was highly entertaining. The mock-trial presented by the boys of the fifth form was also very interesting and humorous.

The eliminations for the W. O. S. S. A. oratorical contest were held, as formerly, under the auspices of the Senior Literary Society, although not all of the speakers spoke before the Society. Entered in the contest for the girls were Misses Margaret Bentley, Inez Nickels and Jean Woodward, the latter being the successful orator. Arthur Ellwood and Ewart Nichol were the only boys who ventured the task. Miss Woodward and Nichol, journeyed to Strathroy to compete against the entrants from that school. Miss Woodward was successful in defeating her opponent, and lately in the finals held at Stratford, although failing to win, was highly praised for her effort and ably upheld the honour of the Sarnia Collegiate.

There being two societies this year, the orchestra was unable to assist in the programmes and it was



SENIOR LITERARY EXECUTIVE

STANDING—STANLEY CROMPTON, LLOYD HALLAM, DOUGLAS MACKLIN.

SITTING—HELEN FRASER, CHARLES GRACE (President), Miss JONES, EDWARD KENNEDY (Secretary), JEAN WOODWARK, MR. CAMPBELL.

necessary to elect a pianist. Douglas Macklin, an able musician, was appointed to the position and has proven to be very capable.

The Senior Literary Society is the most influential student organization in the school, and one which any school would find it hard to get along without. Besides promoting its primary object of encouraging an appreciation of the arts and of public speaking, it also gives financial assistance and support to the other societies of the school, when they are in need of funds.

A student who is given the honor and privilege of holding an office in the Society gains a training in pub-

lic work that will be invaluable to him in later life.

With the aid of the staff, the executive selects the staff of the "Collegiate" the official organ of the school.

The officers of the 1923-24 Society are:

Honorary President—Mr. D. A. Campbell.

President—Charles Grace.

1st Vice-Pres.—Jean Woodwark.

2nd Vice-Pres.—Lloyd Hallam.

Secretary—Edward Kennedy.

Treasurer—Kenneth Robinson.

School Reporters—Helen Fraser,

Stanley Crompton.

Pianist—Douglas Macklin.

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

Owing to the size of the school, two literary societies were deemed necessary during the present term, the Junior society being formed of the first and second form students of the Technical, Collegiate and Commercial classes as well as the

special classes, while the senior society comprises the remainder of the students. The wisdom of this course was readily seen; the junior society forming a very large body by itself, better order was maintained, and those responsible



JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

MISS SCARROW, HUBERT POTTER, MISS FERGUSON, BRUCE DALZIEL, JEAN WHEATCROFT.
SEATED—MARY SIMPSON, HOWARD CARTER (President), THOMAS NEWLANDS, (Secretary).

for the program had a much easier task.

At the organization meeting held early in the term, officers were nominated and later elected. The next few meetings were devoted to the drawing up of the constitution, and this along with the by-laws was passed with little or no discussion. Several programs of a distinctive nature were given during the year, one of the most outstanding rendered in this literary society, being the wholly musical one given by three girls of different forms. Miss Laugher gave a violin solo, Miss Patterson a vocal selection and Miss Driscoll a piano selection.

They were well received and the entertainment was the topic of much favorable comment for some time afterwards.

The critics for the 1923-24 Junior Literary Society were nominated from among the ranks of the teachers, and their reports were given at the same meeting instead of being held over till a later meeting. The value of this plan is readily seen, as the teachers, with their greater knowledge of how meetings such as these should be conducted, are better fitted to criticize than the students would be themselves.

One difficulty which should receive the attention of the powers

that be, was the exodus at several meetings of middle and upper school pupils when the bell rang, which seriously disconcerted the speakers and caused confusion throughout the Assembly Hall. The juniors welcome the seniors to their meetings and would naturally expect the courtesy of attention till the meeting closes.

The purpose of the Junior Literary Society, as before stated, was to accommodate the increasing number of students in the school, with the idea of giving those of the first and second years training in speaking. This object has been attained to a great degree, and many who were a trifle nervous about speaking in the presence of seniors, now speak their mind freely and are gaining confidence. Music, oratory, and drama have been encouraged and the juniors have been informed

regarding Parliamentary procedure. A student who is elected to any office in this society is receiving a mark of appreciation from his fellow students and the training will be invaluable to him in his later life.

Owing to the undeniable success of the 1923-24 Junior Literary Society, the path looks clear for the success of future societies. The excellently prepared programs, the ability of the officers and the general capability of the management show the great interest taken in this society by its members.

The officers of the 1923-24 society are:—

President—Howard Carter.

Vice-President—Mary Simpson.

Secretary—T. Newlands.

Treasurer—Hubert Potter.

School Reporters—Bruce Dalziel,
Jean Wheatcroft.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

The council is composed of student members, Presidents of accredited societies or representatives from special activities, with six teachers who act in an advisory capacity. The following are the names of the members:

Howard Carter—Junior Literary Society.

Charles Grace—Senior Literary Society.

Mary Watson (sec.)—Girls' Athletic Association.

Eddie Robinson—Boys' Athletic Association.

Allan Wadsworth—Glee Club.

R. N. Logan—Orchestra.

Mr. D. A. Campbell.

Mr. I. Asbury, (Chairman).

Mr. C. Keeber, (Treasurer).

Miss D. Brown.

Miss M. Harris.

Miss V. Scarrow.

The council aims to unify the interests of the various societies; to bring into closer relations the varied activities of the school during an academic year; and to relate the activities of one year with those of the next, so that there will be a continuity in the work of the societies, not otherwise possible.

COMMENCEMENT

The Commencement exercises, an event observed annually by the Students of the S.C.I., were held on Friday afternoon, September 21, 1923, in the Auditorium of the Collegiate. This incident marked the passing of the first milestone in the history of the new school, and the large hall was filled by parents and friends of the pupils, who assembled to watch them receive their di-

plomas and medals, the reward of a year's hard work.

The programme commenced with a selection from the Orchestra under Mr. Brush's supervision. This was followed by an annual report delivered by the Chairman, Mr. Campbell, who pointed out that in spite of the fact that it was the first year in the new school and that there were thirteen new teachers on the

staff, the Academic work was very good, some students obtaining excellent marks on the Examination.

The Valedictory Address was given by Mr. R. Charles Brown, who delivered his oration with an emotion and depth of feeling which made the audience feel that the ex-students really experience a pang of regret on leaving the old school.

Mr T. F. Towers, Chairman of the Board, Rev. J. R. Hall, and Mrs. W. J. Barber, presented the Medals and prizes to the students. In appropriate addresses, the members of the board urged the scholars to make the most of the excellent opportunity they have of acquiring knowledge in the new school.

After the presentations had been made, the boy gymnasts of the school gave an exhibition of gymnasium work, which, as was pointed out, is a part of their regular training. To make sure that nothing would be lacking to round out the programme, the girls gave two dances, and Mr. J. L. Sleeth and Miss Dorothy French contributed solos which were greatly appreciated by the audience. A selection by the Orchestra closed the proceedings for the afternoon. If applause can be taken as a standard of judgment, we can say that those present were more than delighted with the work of the students both in the Academic and gymnastic departments.

MOCK TRIAL

The senior students of the school held a mock trial on February 28, 1924, in the Assembly Hall. Much difficulty was experienced in selecting a suitable plot. After much individual effort on the part of Jordan of Form V the trial was very successfully portrayed. The plot and the complete procedure of the trial were original, being based on an actual offence.

Isaac Lampel was brought before Judge White on the charge of bending the diving-board of the swimming pool in an attempt to commit suicide after being crossed in love. The counsel for the prisoner was excellently played by Harold Van Horne. The witnesses for the defence were the engineer of the school, George Coulter; Arthur Ell-

wood and the prisoner. The Prosecuting Attorney, Joe Jordan endeavoured to prove that the prisoner was a typical example of the result of being a poet to a woman. The witnesses for the prosecution were Mr. C. Keeber, physical instructor; Lynn Myers and Gleed Workman. The jury consisted of R. Ferguson (foreman), J. Hayne, R. Heal, C. Sole, C. Morris, K. Robinson, L. Millman, H. Mills, M. Sloane, A. P. Silcox, F. Ashby, W. Scott. The jury, after three days deliberation, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty." The judge then dismissed the prisoner.

Congratulations should be extended to Jordan for his earnest zeal and strenuous effort in making the trial a success.

ORCHESTRA

With this article, gentle reader, you may discern, arrayed in full panoply of action, that very popular body, the S. C. I. & T. S. Orchestra. Until a few short years ago the collegiate orchestra was a thing of the future, a mere figment of the imagination. Now, behold an organization any school might envy and which is the pride and delight of

every S. C. I. pupil. Under the able leadership of Mr. Brush and the hearty co-operation of its members it has blossomed forth and become astonishingly proficient in its pleasant though difficult art; so much so, in fact, that certain persons who formerly were rather chary of being identified with it are now numbered among its numbers.



ORCHESTRA

BACK ROW—GORDON GARDINER, FRED PUGH, MR. BRUSH (Director), HAMPDEN LOGAN, ATWOOD KENNEDY, MERTON TAYLOR.

MIDDLE ROW—LILA WILSON, HELEN PROUT, RUTH CARTER, DORIS LAPHAM, URSULA LOGAN, LEONA GLASS, THELMA TAYLOR.

FRONT ROW—CHARLIE BRUSH, HUBERT POTTER, HAROLD COATES.

The influence of the orchestra upon its audience is not the least of its charms. Though "Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast, to soften rocks or bend the knotted oak" it can also lay claim to a certain amount of crediting what has been rather shrewdly termed "small talk." That "silence is golden" is more perfectly realized when there is music in the air, particularly the harmony which our orchestra furnishes us. The most pessimistic

pupil softens under this "gentle concord of sweet sounds" and looks on his fellows with less jaundiced eye, while the gloomy prognostications that assailed him as to the probable result of an unprepared lesson affect him not, as he hums in unison with the tap of his hands and feet. In short we are proud of our orchestra, grateful to those who made it possible, and last but not least, confident that a bright future awaits it.

AQUATIC MEET

On January the eighteenth the Sarnia Collegiate and Technical school had the honour of holding the first aquatic meet ever held in Sarnia and incidently, in any collegiate or high school in Canada.

The aquatic meet was the idea of Mr. Keeber and under his expert direction, assisted by Dave MacKenzie, swimming curator, was carried through successfully. Two young men, well known in aquatic circles, were procured from Toronto

to give exhibitions in swimming. Mr. Albert Webb, international low-board diving champion, gave a display of plain and fancy diving that will long be remembered by the students and citizens. Mr. Tommy Walker, holder of the Canadian backstroke championship broke his own record of one minute and seventeen seconds, lowering it to one minute fourteen and three-quarter seconds. The Collegiate is highly honored in having a Canadian record broken at the first a-

quatic meet held in the new natatorium.

The various events among the students were closely contested and were keenly followed by the spectators. The Girl's Life Saving team demonstrated the proper methods of helping a drowning person. This team has the honor of being one of the first girls' life saving teams in any Canadian high school.

Of the girl contestants Miss Helen Fraser proved herself to be the best swimmer while Miss Jean Wheatcroft took first in the girls diving with a total of 27½ points.

David Mackenzie's speed drew much favorable comment from the two Toronto swimmers. Joseph McKown took first place in the diving with a total of 40 points.

The officials of the meet were:

Door Keeper—J. Jordan.

Time Keepers—Mr. D. A. Campbell.

Mr. W. T. Goodison, Mr. W. Constable, Mr. L. Constable.

Judges of the Finish—Miss V Scarrow, Mrs. M. L. Clarke, Miss M. P. Pugh.

Clerk of Course—Mr. Fred Pugh.

Starter—Mr. C. Keeber.

CHALLENGE FLAG

Owing to the fact that the Inter-form Trophy was being used for scholastic as well as athletic competition, Mr. and Mrs. Keeber donated a silk Union Jack mounted on a wooden pedestal about two feet high. Form 2A Commercial was the first holder of this, winning the honor by having perfect attendance during the month of December. This form was challenged by 2B to an oral composition contest held in the Assembly Hall, when the former was returned victorious. A debate was next staged between 2A Commercial and 2C Collegiate, the subject being: "Resolved that homework should be abolished." The negative side, 2C, won the flag. Form 3B was the next form receiving it for the highest attendance for the month of January, but 1B

Commercial immediately claimed the trophy by having the best reports in the school. The Fifth Form rose from amongst the ranks and attained it with the highest attendance in the month of February but the victory was short lived for 1A Commercial claimed the flag on a rather peculiar plea, that of being the first form in which all had purchased the constitution pamphlets of the Literary Society.

The holders of the flag must accept any challenge whatever in the nature of academic work, but this idea was modified in a few cases. The Technical Department took little or no interest in this form of competition. However, on the whole the flag acted as a stimulant to many forms and a marked improvement can be noticed in most cases.

SHOOTING GALLERY

From the beginning of the term last year, considerable interest has been evinced among the boys of the school, who are interested in shooting, in the construction and operation of the shooting range. Under the able direction of Mr. Keeber and Mr. Fielding the boys worked hard; some did so because they had to, as they either did not have their gym shoes in that period, or they were late for the ex-

ercises; others wanted it for their own personal good and thus their goal was achieved. The Gallery itself is about 100 ft long, 20 ft. wide and 7 ft. high. At the beginning of the year Mr. Fielding, who took over the shooting activities, began weeding out the best shots for the school team. They began shooting in competitions against many other collegiates in the Dominion in February, and although their first ef-

forts were poor beside the other schools they are progressing rapidly.

On certain Saturday mornings some few of the boys began firing to gain badges, and most of these were successful in obtaining the bronze medals although only four succeeded in winning the Silver Crests. In future, however, they will be better trained and will no doubt capture these and also the gold awards. From these activities we can see that some at least of the many students of the Collegiate Institute, are anxious to win their laurels in marksmanship, and we hope that in the following years this line of activity will have rapid development.

A number of the cadets have won Dominion Marksman pins for shooting with .22 rifles at a distance of twenty yards, prone position. Out of a possible 70 on each of the ten targets the number required for a bronze medal is 55, for a silver 63, and for a gold medal 67. The winners of these awards are:

Bronze—D. Macklin, F. James, L. Bryant, C. Hill, B. Spears, G. Patterson, H. Potter, L. Welsh, G. Tenant, R. Armer, N. Gark.

Silver—B. Spears, F. James, D. Macklin, H. Potter, C. Hill, N. Gark, G. Tenant.

The best targets were made by H. Potter, 69; F. James, 69; C. Hill, 69; S. Spears, 68; R. Armer, 69.

AT HOME

On the evening of December twenty-second, the nineteen-twenty three AT HOME was held in the boys' gymnasium of the Collegiate. The dance this year was more pretentious than ever before by reason of the increased number of ex-students attending. The decorations were in the school colours and the committee in charge spent much time in changing the barren walls of the gym to a hall for flippant dances. Blue and white streamers converging to the centre, where many striking coloured balloons were suspended, canopied the revelers. In the apex a huge bell hung, heavily laden with balloons, streamers and confetti, awaiting the balloon dance, when a veritable shower of multi-coloured missiles enveloped the crowd. In the midst of the festivities the graduates and present members of the S. C. I. "pepped up" the gathering with their various

school yells, showing that the same school spirit remains. A very dainty lunch was served by the girls of the Technical Department at which the usual good natured heckling was evinced in the line up for refreshments. It was only through necessity that the crowd was dispersed at twelve o'clock when the strains of "Home Sweet Home" came much too soon for most of the dancers. The splendid crowd and novelty program made the dance a crowning success, which should make this event more popular in coming years by virtue of the important part such a gathering plays in school life.

The Patrons and Patronesses for the evening were;

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Beresford; Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Campbell; Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Goodison; Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Grant; Dr. and Mrs. A. N. Hayes; Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Towers.

B. A. ASSOCIATION

With the opening of the new school many things have changed and not least among these is the way in which the athletics of the school have been governed. With

much interest in the elections, the students soon installed a very capable executive, namely:

Hon. Pres.—Prin. D. A. Campbell.
President—Eddie Robinson.



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

STANDING—CLEMENT WHITE, EDGAR KELLAM, STANLEY CROMPTON, ST. CLAIRE PARSONS, LLOYD HALLAM, HOWARD CARTER, HAROLD MAITLAND.

SITTING—HAROLD VANHORNE, FRED PUGH, EDWARD ROBINSON (President), CHARLES GRACE, D. A. CAMPBELL, EDWARD KENNEDY.

Vice-President—Charles Grace.

Secretary—F. C. Pugh.

Treasurer—Harold VanHorne.

Further elections of form representatives were soon over, leaving the Association with an executive at the head and a representative for each form, as in previous years. However, in order to better the efficiency of the organization a change was made from former years. This change was to the effect that a curator was appointed for each sport and he with two assistants was to handle all schedules and promote as much interest as possible in that one activity.

As the new instructor, Mr. Chas. Keeber was to have full charge of the athletics of the school, he was appointed General Treasurer and all the money was under his direction. In close harmony with the association was the Student Council, and it was really this council that looked after the athletics of the school.

The Association, together with the girls', successfully sponsored the Field Day, the Rugby and Basketball teams, The Aquatic Meet and the Monster Circus and altogether put over a very successful year, with little work.

FRESHETTES' RECEPTION

Last fall, as has been the custom for many years in our school, the Senior girls entertained at a reception, or what might be called an

initiation for the "Freshettes" on October 5th.

This year the committee in charge decided to compel the

"youngsters" to wear green ribbons round their necks, indicating their inferiority to their more sophisticated sisters. Therefore, at nine o'clock in the morning of the eventful day each "Freshie" blossomed forth with the symbolical decoration encircling her throat. The new teachers were not exempt from the order and they too wore the brilliant adornment.

In the evening each senior escorted her "Freshette" to the school and on their way the victim probably harboured some very fearsome ideas concerning the proceedings of the evening. Some of them even had visions of themselves going home in the chill October night in clothes which were dripping from the waters of the swimming pool. To these the evening's programme was rather a relief and it was certainly amusing to their hostesses.

After all had assembled and had been introduced, the entertainment began with a selection by the "Kitchen Utensil Orchestra". A double circle was then formed, each senior standing behind "her freshie". The

latter had peculiar headgear fastened on by green ribbons. This headgear consisted of a black stocking with holes made for the nose, eyes and mouth, bound in white, green or red, which had been previously made by the seniors. What a queer assemblage it was!

The Freshies were then arranged in rows on the "gym" floor in preparation for the stunts that followed. It would take too long to relate all the ordeals they were forced to go through but a few of the most amusing might be told. In accordance with instructions the first row shook hands with the Reception Committee, the "hands" proved to be rubber gloves filled with cold porridge. Another was the old but very effective one of eating fish-worms. The half-cooked macaroni, which was thrust into their mouths, made very realistic earthworms to the blindfolded "Freshettes."

After the initiation the girls, seated on the floor, were served refreshments consisting of coffee, ice-cream and cake. The frivolity ceased when their appetites were apparently satisfied at 11.30.

RUGBY BANQUET

The annual Rugby Banquet was held in the Patricia Cafe, on Thursday evening, May 4, 1923. Among the guests of the team were Coach Jack Newton, Mr. Goodison, and Rev. J. R. Hall representing the Board of Education, and Mr. Campbell, Mr. Dent and Mr. Winhold of the faculty, and Davy Corcoran, its most ardent supporter.

After a very sumptuous repast Captain Richardson, acting as chairman, introduced the various speakers of the evening. Mr. Goodison congratulated the team on its victories and its display of sportsmanship in all instances. His offer to donate another cup to a championship team was received with much applause. The members of the Staff added a few laudatory re-

marks and stressed the not unwise suggestion that the team apply itself to academic work for the remaining few weeks of school.

As usual Davy Corcoran provided the most amusing story of the evening, and received the best wishes and a hearty vote of thanks from all present. The members of the team spoke of the fine times they had enjoyed, the friendships formed, and their regret at having to leave the school.

A precedent was established when the nomination of Captain for the next year's team was deferred until the opening of the rugby season in the fall. As a result Eddie Robinson was elected manager pro tem with full authority to carry on until a captain was elected.

G. A. ASSOCIATION



STANDING—MISS PUGH, MISS BURRISS, MISS SCARROW.

SEATED—FRANCES GRACE, MARY FLESHER, MR. CAMPBELL, MARY WATSON (President), HELEN FRASER.

The Girls' Athletic Association, one of the most active organizations in the school has even more pep this year than before. So enthusiastic are the girls that there is a large turnout for every activity on the sport programme. At the opening of the fall term, the senior girls entertained the freshettes at their annual reception and invited them to take an active part in the sports afforded.

Under the efficient management of Miss Burriss, who knows how to coach champion teams, there were over thirty basketball teams prac-

tising throughout the season. Several hockey teams were organized and practised every Thursday night at the Arena and succeeded in arranging two games, one with the Business Men, and one with the Girls' team of the City. Baseball, another popular game, is getting due consideration, and a schedule is arranged that will give all baseball fans a chance to display their talent in that line. The campus has not yet been suitable for tennis courts, and judging by the inquiries made about it there will be keen enthusiasm shown in that particular sport.

SIGNALLING CORPS

In the early part of November, a call was issued to all students desiring a free course in Semaphore signalling with a bonus of five dollars if successful in obtaining a certificate. The course was to extend over a period of six weeks, at the end of which time an examination would be held and those passing

presented with their diplomas. The Dominion Government entrusted the task of teaching the art of silent communication to the some seventy cadets who turned out at the opening classes, to Capt. Ernest S. Weeks. It might be mentioned, that out of the total number of seventy who made a start, only

thirty-four continued the work, and out of these thirty-two were successful in obtaining the Semaphore diplomas; while C. Hill obtained a morse signaller's certificate as well as his diploma.

The certificates were presented to the cadets at the morning assembly on Tuesday, January the twenty-second. Canon Collins gave an address pointing out the value of signalling in the service, and at the end of his address Cadets Hill and Kearns stepped to the front of the platform and by the use of the flags

expressed the thanks of the boys for the presentation of five dollars from the Canadian Government.

The successful students were:

C. Hill, J. Arnot, W. Baldwin, L. Bryant, E. Burdett, R. Christie, G. Crandon, J. Durance, C. Frayne, E. Hargrove, P. Iverson, C. Jones, L. Kearns, J. Kerr, N. Leslie, F. Morrison, D. McGibbon, L. McKay, G. McPhail, J. MacPherson, H. Nethery, R. Nicol, W. Oakes, F. Pirrie, B. Randolph, W. Sadler, W. Scott, N. Scott, R. Smith, N. Suhring, V. Wade, L. Windsor.

CARNIVAL OF FUN

In a final, despairing effort to procure a game, the Girls' Hockey Team threw convention to the winds and offered to engage in battle with a team composed of representatives of the city's business world. The game was arranged and an elaborate advertising campaign was carried out with the most amazing success. By the time the game was scheduled to commence, close to one thousand students and Booster supporters had jammed their way into the rink.

While the contestants were preparing for the fray the Booster clown band, headed by Mr. G. P. France, carrying an immense axe, paraded round the ice, rendering several popular and unpopular selections. Each team was received with wild cheers by enthusiastic supporters. Another parade followed which included both teams, the band and two kilties. The chief interest was then centered in the attempts of some of the Boosters to maintain their dignity. The raiment of the Boosters was also the cause of much comment and laughter. From their slim elongated center, Mr. Lackie, to their ditto goal-tender, Mr. Carter, they presented the most unique array of costumes seen outside of a circus.

After many delays the team got under way. The girls forced the play for the first few minutes, but were unable to score. Mr. Lackie

could not stand the pace and the Red Cross sleigh with Dr. Lumley in attendance was called into action and the unfortunate player removed. A substitute was sent in and the game proceeded. Responding nobly to the efforts of the doctor and a dilapidated automobile pump, Mr. Lackie resumed play and successfully engineered the scoring of the first goal by Mr. Whitcombe. The girls, in response to the appeals of their supporters, managed to bulge the twine behind Mr. Carter.

During the intermission the girls served sliced oranges to the Boosters. Although the result was unexpected the lunch completely ruined the already poor-conditioned Business representatives. Player after player fell by the wayside and had to be assisted off the ice. The girls, though losing players at an alarming rate for rough tactics, succeeded in scoring two more goals. Finally only the two goal-tenders were left and the Collegiate goalie seized the opportunity to rush down and score the final tally for the school.

In the last period the Boosters, in a desperate rally, succeeded in tying the score just before the whistle blew for full time. Owing to the exhausted state of some of the Booster players it was decided not to continue the game. Thus ended one of the greatest burlesques of our National Winter Pastime.

CIRCUS



On February eighteenth and nineteenth, the Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School had the honour of holding the first indoor circus ever held in a Canadian High School or Collegiate Institute. This was a new venture but under Mr. Keeber's able management we have established a new reputation for our school.

For nearly three weeks the pupils toiled to do their part in making the circus a success. Their hopes were more than satisfied for on the opening night the capacity of the Boys' gymnasium was taxed to the utmost to accommodate the host of enthusiastic parents and spectators who came to see how the students could acquit themselves in this new line of endeavour. Even a blizzard did not prevent a large attendance on Saturday night.

Those taking part in the acts were stricken with nervousness on facing the tightly packed crowd of well-wishers. Their self-consciousness soon disappeared and the lengthy program was finished without a fault. Every number was heartily applauded by the appreciative audience. Mr. "George" Keeber as Dusty Rhodes, a tramp; "Jake" Haines as a policeman; Charlie Grace and "Irish" McKeown as clowns, filled in between

the acts and amused the crowd incessantly.

The program was excellent and very well balanced. Mr. Fred Pugh was a very efficient announcer. Mr Steve Williams, an R.M.C. gymnast, was responsible for some excellent work in connection with the horse, the parallels and the tumbling. In the shooting act "Doug" Macklin proved himself the rival of Buffalo Bill. No circus would be complete without a strong man so "Gladiator" Workman gave an exhibition of strength that far excelled any ever given by Elmo the Mighty. The success of the wandle-drill and the very graceful presentation of the Moonlight Caprice were due solely to the efforts of Miss Scarrow. Miss Mary MacIntyre made her debut as a solo dancer when she gave a very skilful interpretation of the Dance of the Swan. The decorated bicycle ride and the representations of the different school sports by Miss Burriss' girls were very entertaining. Miss Pugh also deserves the highest praise for her efforts in connection with the Pierrots and Pierettes and for the exercises given by her girls.

Mr. Keeber acted the tramp naturally, and kept the spectators in hysterical laughter. His work in astronomy will long be remembered



MOONLIGHT CAPRICE

MARIAN HENDERSON, MILDRED JOHNSTON, EDNA COBBAN, JEAN ARCHER, FRANCES GRACE, GRACE SMITH, THELMA JONES, FRANCES CLARK, MARY MCINTYRE.

by the youthful element in his audiences. The appearance of Dave Mackenzie's dragoons in their musical ride caused much favourable comment. Charlie Grace's wooden soldiers also received their share of applause. The Dance of the Spring-time was realistically portrayed by the Adonises of the school. The turning on of the lights formed a very unexpected denouement and

caused the lightly clad forms to disappear rather rapidly.

The evening performances closed with a grand march of all the actors. Those who saw the circus were loud in their praise of the students' abilities and expressed the wish that the circus be made an annual affair. If this be the case next year will see an even larger and better circus.

FORM CLUBS

For many years past the English teachers have endeavoured to make their classes more interesting and instructive by forming composition clubs.

In the various forms different methods of choosing officers are used. In some cases a chairman is appointed for each meeting, in others the officers are elected for the whole year, and in several forms a president and secretary are appointed at the beginning of each term. In all rooms the critic is chosen at the beginning of each club meeting.

As these clubs are formed in Oral Composition periods, speaking plays a large part in the programme. The speeches deal with current events, industrial situations, new inventions, biographies and topics of general interest.

The debates are extremely beneficial to the members, as the judges are also chosen from the students; in this way they become experienced in debating and also accustomed to judging.

The '2A Review' and the '2 Bees' Buzz,' class magazines, published by 2A and 2B Collegiate, deserve special mention. All the material was contributed by the students and the magazines are extremely well done. The magazines have excellent short stories, essays and poems besides Student Activities, Athletics, and Humour columns. The '2A Review' and '2 Bees' Buzz' are also illustrated and do not lack clever cartoons and advertisements.

2C will not be able to finish their magazine until after Easter, but in the meantime have put on a mock trial, which proved that they under-



PIERROTS AND PIERRETTES

STANDING—ELAINE WOODROW, FRANCES KAINE, MARY BOUCHER, THELMA MACKAY, MURIEL LANGAN.
SITTING—GRACE BATES, PAULINE MILLS, MAE RICHARDSON.

stand "Court Procedure" as well as "Parliamentary."

As the work is quite heavy in the third forms their programmes consist only of orals and debates.

The first years have not attempted anything as ambitious as magazines and trials, but they have proved themselves efficient in the

offices of chairmen and critics in their club meetings.

Neither the fourth nor fifth forms have formed oral composition clubs as they have had experience in the past years, and it was thought that the work could be covered more quickly without them.

BASKETBALL BANQUET

Immediately after the Strathroy game on the local floor, the members of both teams, the officials, Mr. Campbell, our principal, and Mr. Richards of the Board of Education, were guests at a banquet, given by the girls of the Domestic Science Class of the school. After all had partaken of a very tasty luncheon, a programme, consisting of speeches and toasts, was dispensed with. Doctor Smith, of London, in his

speech, emphasized the benefits to be derived from a good sport, such as basketball, and strongly advised that everyone should take part in some athletic activity in order to prepare himself, both physically and mentally, for his future. At the conclusion of the programme an address, in appreciation of the hospitality of the girls, was given by Mr. Keeber and each of the girls was presented with a box of chocolates.

TROPHIES AWARDED

Immediately following the Girls' Debating contest on the evening of March 28, cups and medals to the different "Champs" of the school were presented. Mrs. D. A. Campbell distributed the awards to the girls and Mr. L. H. Richards to boys. The field day victors among the

girls, Miss Irene Fawcett, senior champion; Miss Florence Laugher, intermediate champion, and Miss Jenny Wise, junior champion, were presented with silver cups donated by Miss Burriss, Miss Scarrow and Mr. D. A. Campbell. Shields were presented to the individual winners

of the boys' events. Arthur Brown, senior champion, received the shield presented by Charles Keeber; Eric MacKenzie, intermediate champion, was given the shield donated by Mr. D. M. Grant; Kenneth Fraser, junior champion, was presented that which was donated by Mr. W. A. Dent, and Lyle McKay received the midget trophy.

Ten Girls received their elementary certificates, proficiency diplomas, and bronze medallions from the Royal Life Saving Society of London, England, for proficiency in life saving tests held in the school natatorium. The course was by no means an easy one and in accomplishing the hard tests the girls are deserving of much credit. The girls receiving the awards were: Helen

Fraser, Frances Grace, Edna Cobban, Frances Clark, Irene Fawcett, Marian Henderson, Mary Watson, Florence Laughner, Catherine McBurney and Gwendolyn McKay.

In connection with the Girls' interform basketball schedule, just completed, the different forms which won were presented with suitable awards in the form of pennants, to be hung in the champions' home rooms, until another year, when it will again be put up for competition. Miss Ruth Kirkpatrick, captain of the 3A Collegiate team, was presented with the senior pennant, that form having eliminated seven other forms. Miss Jean Claxton received the pennant on behalf of 1A Commercial, winners of the ten-team junior group.

THE GLEE CLUB

Among the different organizations in the school this year is the Glee Club which was formed early in the fall at the suggestion of Mr. Asbury, to whose enthusiasm and perseverance the new society certainly owes its success as well as its existence. Meetings were held every Tuesday after four under the able direction of Mr. Lawrence Martin, and the first few weeks were devoted to community singing. Despite the fact that few of the members had had any vocal training, the Club attempted the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, "H.M.S. Pinafore." At first the success of the project was doubtful, but before long several promising artists were discovered, and "Pinafore" will long be remembered as one of the most outstanding successes among the historic efforts of the school.

The opera was presented on the evenings of Mar. 21 and 22, and at both performances the auditorium was filled to capacity. The Glee Club is deeply indebted to Miss Nichol, Mr. Dobbin, Mr. Knox, and their assistants, who are to be complimented for the remarkable setting. Both acts were played on

the quarter-deck of the "H. M. S. Pinafore", at anchor in the harbour of Portsmouth which could be seen in the distance. The moonlight scene in Act II, with the lights from the city and the fleet of sailing vessels twinkling out over the water, was particularly beautiful. The fact that all the work in connection with the presentation was done in the school and by those connected with the school increased its value.

The story of "Pinafore" is almost too well-known to necessitate a review. The Right Hon. Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., (Allan Wadsworth) has asked Captain Corcoran (Mr. F. C. Asbury) for the hand of his daughter Josephine (Dorothy French). Josephine, in spite of her father's exhortation, refuses to marry him, confessing her love for Ralph Rackstraw, a member of the crew (Mr. Martin). Sir Joseph, attended by Cousin Hebe (Margaret McCormick) and the rest of his fond female relatives, comes on board to review the crew and to confer with the Captain concerning his betrothal. Ralph, encouraged by all the crew, except Dick Dead-eye (Harold VanHorne), the misshapen unfortunate who delights in



GLEE CLUB

STANDING—NEAL SUHRING, MR. L. MARTIN, VIVIAN NORWOOD, MR. ASBURY, DAVID MACKENZIE.
 SITTING—DOROTHY FRENCH, MISS L. L. JONES, ALLAN WADSWORTH (President), MISS M. A. HARRIS,
 DORIS PROUSE.

being disagreeable, tells Josephine of his love for her. She, however, rejects him because of the wide difference in their stations. In desperation, he threatens to take his own life, and she is forced to confess her love. Undaunted by Dick Deadeye's threats, they plan to elope. That night, Little Buttercup, (Frances Grace), a woman of Gypsy blood who sells trinkets on board ship, comes upon the Captain as he broods over his difficulties, and reveals her affection for him. He explains that, although grateful, he is not in the position to return her feeling, and she, becoming angry, startles him with a mysterious warning. Meanwhile, Sir Joseph attempts to further his suit, and succeeds only in removing Josephine's doubts concerning her elopement with Ralph. As the two lovers are stealing away, they are intercepted by the Captain to whom

Dick Deadeye has revealed their plan, and he is so angered by Ralph's confession that he relieves his feeling in a vigorous oath. Sir Joseph, overhearing, is shocked and sends him to his cabin in disgrace. On hearing Ralph's explanation, he indignantly orders the young seaman to be imprisoned in the dungeon. Buttercup then confesses that she exchanged Ralph and the Captain when they were children left in her care. This alters the matter considerably: Captain Corcoran, who automatically becomes a common sailor marries Little Buttercup, now of his own rank; the new Captain Rackstraw marries Josephine, whom, as the daughter of a common sailor, Sir Joseph could not think of marrying; and that worthy lord, rather than be left out, reluctantly consents to wed the adoring Cousin Hebe.

Other roles were taken as fol-

lows: Bill Bobstay, the boatswain, Douglas Macklin; Bob Becket, boat swain's mate, Mr. Jas. Sleeth; Tommy Tucker, midshipmite, Jack MacPherson; Sergeant of the Marines, Neil Suhring. Sir Joseph's sisters and his cousins and his aunts, and the sailors and marines made up a

chorus of seventy, and admirably supported the principals, all of whom sang and acted their parts splendidly. "Pinafore" lost nothing in the hands of the Glee Club. May they be as successful in coming years.

WOSSA DEBATING CONTEST

On the evening of March twenty-eighth, the finals for the Western Ontario Secondary Schools' debating contest among the girls, was held in the auditorium of the Sarnia Collegiate. Rev. R. R. McKay acted as chairman for the evening, the judges being Henry Conn, school inspector for West Lambton, Professor Freeman of Western University and J. H. Scofield of Kitchener. Principal D. A. Campbell of the Sarnia Collegiate, introduced the chairman, judges and contestants.

Misses Gertrude Conrad and Elizabeth Ruddell, representing the Kitchener Collegiate, convinced the judges that government ownership of public utilities was in the best interests of the community, before an audience of about three hundred people. Their margin over Misses Inez Nickels and Margaret Hull of the Sarnia School, was a small one and the tone was the best of any debate which has been held in the local school. Both winners and losers were commended on the masterly way in which they handled their subject.

Sarnia, according to the rules of the Wossa competition, submitted three subjects for debate, the Kitchener entrants choosing, resolved "That government ownership of public utilities is in the best interests of the community. The visiting team had the privilege of choosing the affirmative or negative side of the question and by selecting the affirmative, were favoured by a decided advantage. The Kitchener

girls had a mass of detail in favour of government ownership, and the Sarnia team exposed enough flaws in their opponents' arguments to make it look an uncertain decision at best. The Sarnia girls gave their arguments in a clearer manner than the visitors but both teams stood their ground on the platform like veterans, and not a tremor of uneasiness was in evidence as they delivered their points for or against the matter under discussion.

On the same evening, the boys' debating finals were held in Kitchener, with the same regulations prevailing as in the girls' contest. Kitchener seems to have had the edge on the Sarnia boys, as their victory would indicate, but great credit is due to the representatives of the S.C.I. even in defeat. The decision was by no means, unanimous and some few discrepancies in the interpretation of the rules were given to the Kitchener debaters. The subject under discussion was resolved "That the formation of Trade Unions is in the interests of the public." The affirmative was upheld by Norman Hughes and Elmer McIntyre, representing Sarnia, and the negative by Lewis Jenkins and Carl Loutenslager of the Kitchener Collegiate.

To make these annual debates an even greater success than have been the custom, a clearer understanding of the rules and regulations must be had by the different officials, otherwise there will be room for well grounded protests.



With a swing and a zip that would do a seasoned campaigner justice, the cadet corps of the Sarnia Collegiate under command of Senior Captain Ross Hayes and Lieutenants Richardson, Woodrow, Randolph, Brown, Robinson, Grace, Simpson and Hanna, paraded in full war panoply before Brigadier General King, C.M.G., D.S.O., Officer commanding military district No. 1, and Lieutenant Col. Geo. Gillespie, cadet reviewing officer of this district, at the Athletic Park on the afternoon of May 17 in Annual Inspection.

Clad in khaki cadet uniforms and mufti, the two hundred and fifty manly students of the local school made a brave showing on the wide expanse of the Athletic Park, as they went through their military evolutions with a precision which betokened much practice under capable officers.

The campus at the Collegiate was too wet for the inspection and the Corps marched from the Collegiate through the down town streets of the city to the athletic park, the drum and bugle band leading the mile long trek from the school to the saluting base. Following field and formation drill the cadets were drawn around the reviewing officers and complimented on their smart appearance.

General King was high in his praise of the local Cadet Corps. He complimented them on their knowledge of drill and military tactics, and while there was room for improvement in their work, he reminded them that it took the cream of Canada's Militia five months of strenuous work to be classified as fit to go to the front. It was ask-

ing therefore a great deal of the Cadets who at best have but two periods a week to drill.

General King was given three hearty cheers at the conclusion of his address. Principal D. A. Campbell addressed the boys briefly, stating that Sarnia was one of the six places in Military District No. 1, that General King was inspecting. Lieutenant Col. Gillespie complimented the boys on their appearance and reminded them of the cadet camp to be opened in London on July 2 and continuing for a week, at which Walter Knox, prominent Canadian athlete would be in charge of athletics. E. P. Winhold, in charge of the cadets and C. K. Ashdown, instructor of the physical drill, were complimented on the showing made by their charges.

There was a large number of citizens out to witness the review, including several members of the Board of Education and Collegiate Staff.

After the ceremonies of the afternoon were over, the squad was drawn up for the return march. On arriving at the school, rifles were discarded and the boys repaired to the gym where the customary cadet dance was to be held. Thompson's orchestra supplied a diversified program, which enlivened the tired cadets' spirits, till the hour of seven o'clock, when a very welcome lunch was served and all returned home, grateful that the annual war was over.

This year the lack of uniforms which will ever be a handicap to the smart appearance of the boys, will be somewhat reduced by the appropriation of the Board for the purchase of 50 new suits. The

bugle band under F. Pugh this year has undergone a complete renovation. It will be augmented by bugles, cymbals and drums, which will add greatly to the appearance of the squad. Owing to the size of the nineteen twenty-four corps, more officers will be needed to look after the cadets. Charles Grace

who served as lieutenant last year will be officer commanding, and Eddie Robinson and Gleed Workman will be the two captains. C. Lebel, D. MacKenzie, K. Robinson, T. Newlands, H. Harkins, S. Parsons, N. Burgess, S. Crompton, as lieutenants, will take charge of the platoons.



"A chicken am a useful beast,"
A little darkie said,
"Cause folks kin eat him 'fore he's born,—
And after he am dead."



We understand that Manville Sloane likes good jokes. Maybe that's why he's so conceited.

* * * *

We understand that Stan. Bell is entering a hair-braiding contest.

* * * *

Does anyone know what the attraction is on North Brock Street near Maria Street?

* * * *

Has anybody seen two members of the Rugby Team that were lost on Admiral Road, Toronto, after the game in Hamilton?

* * * *

We would like to know who the seniors were that locked the drill instructor out of the dressing room?

* * * *

Has anyone failed to see little Dave Mackenzie hurrying down to the Commercial Department?

* * * *

It has been rumoured about that the Hamilton Y.M.C.A. has invited the Rugby Team to stay with them on their next trip to Hamilton.

* * * *

Does anyone know why Pollard and Kennedy are so anxious to return to St. Thomas?

* * * *

Has anyone seen the young Brantford teacher that pays regular visits to two young lady teachers of the S.C.I.?

* * * *

Who is the young Sarnia fellow that took another fellow's girl home from the Rugby Dance in St. Thomas?

* * * *

Who was the senior that had his foot caught in one of the flying rings at the school and gave Mr. Keeber a chance to get revenge via—a wooden gun?

* * * *

Is it true that Pat Crompton and Pollard are going to take up interior decorating to avoid further confusion when the gym has to be decorated?

* * * *

Some of the members of the school are wondering why the drill instructor and a friend were detained long enough in Detroit to miss the limited.

* * * *

We hear that one 4B Student and an ex-student of the S.C.I. were put to quite an inconvenience by missing the last boat in Port Huron and forced to rely on the C.N.R. to bring them back to good old Canada. What is the big attraction?

* * * *

The school claims the original tight-wad. Who was the young man who after having a dinner, theatre tickets and a midnight supper wanted to match to see who would pay the car fare home?

We wonder who the male member of the staff is that bought boxes of candy for two lady members of the staff at Christmas?

* * * *

Who was the young 3A Student that was seriously considering setting out on a matrimonial career when he met an out of town visitor during the Christmas Vacation?

THE STAR (L'ETOILE)

For the following article we are indebted to Miss Agnes Weir of the fifth form. It is a translation of "L'Etoile" appearing in "L'Illustration" of November 24, 1923. The French language is noted for its rhythm and music and in her interpretation the translation has lost none of its flowing beauty or charm of expression.

Paris, one of the richest of the world's cities, in thought and memories, has possessed, since last week, a touching realization of one of its noblest sentiments. In these days just as night falls, Parisians undertake a glorious pilgrimage. Reverently they go in slow procession up to the sublime stone, Arc de Triomphe, behind which the sun is setting. Because they know that when the last ray of that star has been extinguished, they shall see born, almost at the horizon, a trembling little flame, from which you cannot withdraw your gaze.

La Place de l'Etoile sees a significance of profound beauty attributed to its name. Indeed it is really a star which comes to shine upon us, a bright manifestation of a new religion: the religion of gratitude, of pity and of kindness, a star which will guide the Shepherds and Wise Men of to-morrow's civilization, which the people of to-day are bringing forth in pain and suffering.

This little flame which extends no farther, is reserved and timid. It scarcely leaves the ground by the sleeping place of the Unknown Soldier, like a will-o'-the-wisp in a cemetery. And yet, in our great Paris, all dripping with lights, none but this one is seen. All glances are fixed on this frail torch which trembles and flickers with a breath of the autumn breeze.

Its cradle is a cannon, but a dead cannon, buried to the very throat. That shadowy mouth which has been condemned henceforth to ex-

hale into the peaceful night air of the present the gentle beam of this mysterious night-lamp, the night-lamp of the chancel which the devout of a nation have just lighted before the altar of the Motherland.

To create this sacred flame which lights up the tomb of a martyr, we have not been able to suppress a few scruples of an almost religious nature. The most devoted worshippers of modern progress immediately understood that they could not, without a suggestion of irreverence, avail themselves of the latest discoveries of our century.

The fairy, Electricity, who sheds light on so many of the haunts of pleasure, has appeared too frivolous to mount reverent guard over this sacred stone. The gas flame or that of the malodorous petrol would ill befit such a place. The flame of alcohol is dancing and inconstant. At this moment they are endeavoring to create an ideal combustible, which while producing a sufficient fluidity, would be able to admit into its composition oil, the noblest of liquids, rich in glorious memories.

Oil fed lamps of the ancients. It burned in that which Psyche held over the body of Eros. The oil which anoints kings is a balm, allaying the pain of wounds; priests pour it on the foreheads of youth to give them strength to face Life, and on the eyes of the dying to permit them to face the Grim Reaper fearlessly. It possesses a glowing soul which a spark sets free and causes to ascend toward Heaven. Of all

Prometheus' gifts, it remains the most precious and the most aristocratic. It is appropriate that its liquid gold should help to generate a pure flame and that, a subtle and eloquent tongue of fire, it darts it toward Heaven to recall the numberless and anonymous heroic deeds of so many good Frenchmen.

So Paris has another temple, the temple of national gratitude, where Believers and Atheists come to discover themselves and to pray with equal fervour. This sanctuary must have its eternal flame, its sacred night lamp. Each evening the lands of the reverent vie with each other for the honour of renewing the flame.

In the centre of its disk of bronze,

this scintillating little star renews in the heart of the clamorous capital the silent mystery of the incantation of fire. This gentle beam attracts us like a beacon and irresistibly guides our memories and our hopes.

The great symbols of humanity spring eternally new from their ashes. From century to century, men have bowed to the same ideas and to the same images. And our great Paris does not differ materially from humble Bethlehem, since each evening at nightfall for some days, we have stood near, watching the passers-by mount the Avenue des Champs-Élysées on another pilgrimage to the star.

Le Semainier.



PERHAPS JERRY WISE WILL PRACTISE MAKING COOLS THIS WAY



THE COM. GIRLS DID JUSTICE TO THE CREAM AT THEIR CROWN REAST



HE HAS THE 3d. GRAND-PRIZ FIELD DAY.



THIS IS WHAT HELPS THE SCHOOL TEAM WIN



HAROLD FULFILLING SOMETHING READ GET ROUGH IN BASKETBALL.



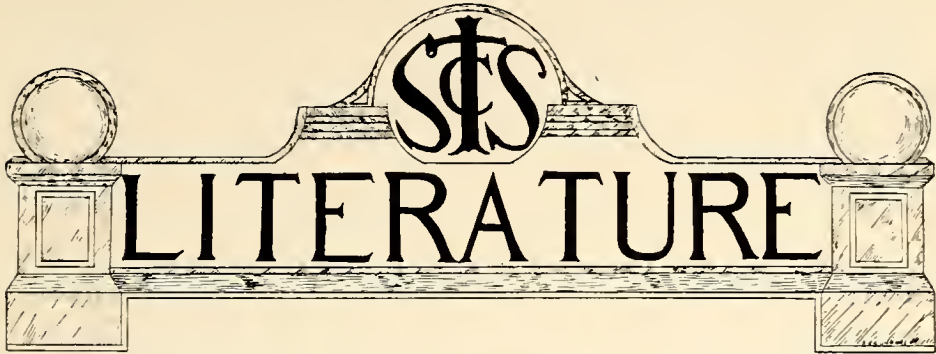
THE COMMERCIAL TEAMS HAD FUN DURING THE CIRCUS



SOME OF THE COM. GIRLS ARE HELPING THEIR MOTHERS BEAT THE BOYS' BASTS GET A GOOD SWING FOR THE BASEBALL SEASON

FORM II-B
KOMMERCIAL
KALENDAR
OF
FROLIHS.





WOODLAND SECRETS

By Annie Leslie.

DEEP in the heart of the forest was a tiny secluded nook known only to the breezes. Stately old trees bent to a shining pool and waved gracefully over the clearing. A brilliant tropical moon smiled down from the edge of a silver-capped cloud, but even then the place was filled with that gloom common to lonely places. The wind made soft music among the interlocked branches and the leaves danced lightly, gracefully through the air. Suddenly from out of the blackest depths came a great light, subdued but wonderfully clear and soothing. In the centre of this radiance was nature herself, and, as she glided forward she called softly to the spirits of the woods.

Quickly the little sprites crept out from the hearts of trees, and the flower fairies tumbled out of unopened buds. The air was filled with flying figures—gauzy, brilliant dainty Fairies of every nationality were there. Tiny figures in brilliant kimonos, olive-skinned and almond-eyed, mingled with fairies in burnoose and turban, fairies in the red kerchiefs and earrings of Spain, fairies with the gauze dresses and gleaming spangles of America. Here and there flitted lithe, green woodland sprites—and still they came, these children of fancy, came by the hundreds and thousands till

the glade was filled with a moving mass of colour. Nature, looking over these, her dearest and best beloved children, smiled with the wisdom of centuries and in her smile there was much tenderness, love, and a little pity. They were so helpless, these little ones, so dependent on her strength and wisdom!

Softly the all-powerful Mother began to speak and the breezes stood still, the leaves ceased their endless rustling to listen. Wisely she instructed them in their work for the coming year, pointing out mistakes, settling disagreements and allotting territories. Gravely she chided them, graciously she praised them and they hung on her words, swayed by the music of her voice and the magnetism of her presence. Then gradually, hesitatingly, they began to move in the slow, rhythmic step of a fairy dance. The voice of Nature took on a new note, became a sweet, pulsing melody in which the words were lost. Faster and faster the little figures flew till they became mere flashes of light, and then Nature herself joined in the graceful, whirling throng.

The sprites became dimmer and faded away and were gone. Only the solitary figure of Nature remained, a glowing thing against the

dark green of the forest, whirling, poising, gliding and spinning in wild abandonment. In her lonely dance she seemed to embody all the freshness, the sweetness of spring, all the charm of autumn with the passion of summer and the dignity of winter. And as she glided on every tree, every stone broke out in song.

Then, in the midst of a burst of harmony the music stopped at its very height. Nature was gone. Once again the glade was dark and empty. The blackness deepened and a tiny fork of light streaking the darkness, revealed an angry storm-cloud.

SLUMS, THEIR CAUSE AND REMEDY

By Jeon Woodwork.

S LUMS seem to have flourished in all time and under all conditions. They existed in Athens during the period of her greatest architectural development. The filth and the extent of the slums of Rome at the height of her imperial glory have been unparalleled. The vast majority of the Oriental people to-day are slum-dwellers, and have been such since history began. We read of slum conditions in the continental capitals of Europe, and in the Industrial centres of the British Isles. We are well acquainted with social welfare work being carried on in such communities in New York, Chicago and San Francisco. But do we, the people of Canada, realize the seriousness of slum conditions in our own country?

In Vancouver wide slum areas are occupied by Chinese and Japanese. Every city in the prairie provinces has its foreign slum district. In Winnipeg we find bad sections occupied by English speaking people, as well as the worst immigrant settlements on the continent. Sault Ste. Marie is a city of 20,000. Seven thousand of that 20,000 are foreigners, the majority of whom live in the most deplorable surroundings. Toronto,—even Toronto, which all visitors praise and speak of in the highest terms—even Toronto hides under her beauty, wealth and learning, her "Little Italy", her Teraulay St., and other sections the filth and ignorance of which could scarcely

be surpassed in London or Paris, or even the south of Italy itself. Montreal possesses the largest slum area in Canada, and conditions in some parts could not possibly be worse. We find similar conditions in Ottawa, and in Quebec. The people of Nova Scotia have become genuinely alarmed over the housing problem there, which is leading to the growth of terrible slum districts. The Halifax Harbour disaster, while it undoubtedly caused slackness in the enforcement of the Health Act regulations, did do some good in destroying the greater part of the slum district of the city, which is now replaced by houses conforming to the building by-laws. These statements are confirmed by reports issued by the Canadian Social Welfare Association and compiled by Miss Elizabeth McCallum, M.A., Assistant Editor of the "Social Welfare" Magazine, and by Miss Charlotte Whitton, Ph.B., who has lectured all over Canada on the subject of Welfare Work.

Wilfred E. Hobbs, comptroller of town planning in Manitoba, in an article in the February, 1923, number of "Social Welfare", invites us to take a look down one of the slum streets of Winnipeg. It is a warm summer afternoon and the air is filled with the soot and smoke from a group of factory chimneys in the distance. There is a sickening odor of decaying garbage. The street is lined by dingy houses with sagging

verandahs and patched windows. Twenty or thirty years ago, these houses were fashionable, even pretentious. But to-day—what woman would not hesitate to set foot in one of them? And yet, you are at once struck with the large number of women and children, so many considering the number of houses. Some of the women are garishly dressed; all are extremely dirty and untidy. The children who play and squabble all day in the doorways and in the dusty street, could not possibly have had a bath and a change of clothing within a month! When the factories close at 5 or 6 o'clock, the men come streaming down the street and into these houses. "Where do they put them all?" you wonder. It is nothing to find 20 people in a six-roomed house, six small rooms at that, with very dirty windows, poor ventilation, no heating system, no means of garbage disposal, no sanitary convenience, the only water supply, a pump in a filthy well in a filthy back yard. Under such conditions how can delicacy, privacy, health and cleanliness be preserved? They cannot.

For this reason we find little children with crooked backs, sore eyes, and loathsome skin diseases and worst of all, mental deficiency. What chance have these youngsters reared in such hovels, of becoming good citizens with healthy bodies, healthy minds and healthy souls? Not one in twelve of them has ever had, since his second birthday, any more nourishing diet than stale bread and bologna sausage. Could you blame one of these little chaps for stealing an apple from a fruit-stand? A small beginning which may very soon end in the punishment of a hardened criminal! It is to combat such terrible results as these that we find organizations in Canada under the leadership of such people as the word-famous Emmeline Pankhurst, and Judge Emily Murphy, Police Magistrate of Edmonton, better known to the reading public as "Janey Canuck."

Can you blame a young girl for wandering the streets in the evening when the only home to which she may return is a foul-smelling, overcrowded room or two? Questionable companions and ill-famed places of recreation lead to obvious results, but what alternative has she? It is a significant fact that over 70 per cent of delinquents in the reformatories of Nova Scotia are young people from homes where a decent standard of living could not be maintained. Some time ago in Halifax, a fifteen year old girl was arrested for some trivial misdemeanour on the street at night. The mother, a fairly respectable charwoman, was present at the girl's hearing. The case was dismissed, but the judge ventured to suggest to the mother that she keep her daughter at home in the evenings. "Keep her at home!" she said, "If you could only see our two poor miserable rooms, you would not say that. She works all day in the factory, and she has to have fresh air some time, some where!" The judge knew that that woman spoke the truth. Theoretically speaking, home is the best place, but can you call two sunless rooms with disfigured walls and crippled furniture a home?

We have laws which govern housing conditions; they state what ventilation and sanitation and lighting must be provided, the least number of cu. ft. of air every occupant of a building must have, how often streets are to be cleaned, and garbage collected, and so on. Every single province has its Health Act. Yet in every nook and corner of the country we find it being totally disregarded under the very eyes of those who are supposed to be enforcing it. The municipal government should see that its street-cleaning and incinerator departments are functioning properly, and that the conditions of all buildings and premises comply with the regulations safe-guarding the health and morality of the community.

The landlords who have been making money hand over fist from their ramshackle old disease traps have been allowed to evade the law long enough. They will have to be forced and forced hard, for of course they do not care whether their tenants are sleeping three and four in the same room that serves as living and dining room, and kitchen besides. It does not matter to them that the babies are dying in the summer, and the plumbing is frozen for weeks at a time in the winter. They are reaching out for dollars, and if the tenant objects to the extortionate rent, they can turn off the water. Houses are scarce and he will soon have to come to terms—the landlord's terms, of course. I am not speaking of landlords in general, but just that particular species. They have reaped unreasonable gains long enough. They must now see the matter from the tenant's point of view.

Of course, it is only too true that the average slum-dweller is perfectly content to live in squalid, crowded quarters, as long as he is not actually hungry. But surely if these people were forced to live in clean healthy surroundings, they would soon regain a part of their long lost self-respect and would not want to go back to their old ways of living. In two or three generations, we would find no one willing to submit to living under slum conditions, and what is a generation in the history of the world?

Moreover, it is not only a case of helping the slum-dweller. It is a matter of protecting ourselves. We know well that where there is filth, there is disease. These slum people work in factories where conditions are very often not nearly so sanitary as represented. Our food and our clothing may be contaminated with the germs of small-pox, tuberculosis, typhoid or influenza. We brush shoulders with these people in the streets. Our children and theirs often attend the same school. Are thinking men and women going

to allow themselves to be always confronted with this danger?

We need the strict enforcement of Health regulations. We need a means of preventing the exploitation of the people by landlords for if they are to retain their health and their virtue, they must be provided with decent homes at a reasonable cost.

Next of importance in the eradication of the slum district comes the education of the children—the compulsory education of every single child of school age. The boy or girl at school should become thoroughly familiar with the principles of hygiene and should be forced to observe them throughout his whole career. Clinics should be provided to give the necessary medical and dental attention to children, free of charge, if the parents are unable to pay for it. Surely the child who receives this training until he is 14 or 16 years of age, stands a pretty fair chance of making a good self-respecting citizen.

The big difficulty in city slum districts is the overcrowding, yet in Canada there are over 300,000,000 acres of fertile soil which await the first touch of the plough. Our government makes provisions for home steads without capital, so that they may procure food supplies and tools, and protect themselves against a year or two of poor crops. Is there any reason why the surplus urban population cannot be persuaded to take up land?

There has been a great deal of splendid social service work done in Canada. We have missions and settlement houses which provide instruction for mothers in the care of home and children, educational advantages to those who either did not have them or did not take advantage of them earlier in life, clean wholesome recreation for young people and many other factors which should help to raise the present low standards of slum-dwellers to those of a class of decent, healthy, industrious people. Great as is the

work that has been done, and is being done, the demand far exceeds the supply. A great many workers are needed, workers with training, efficiency, tact, and sympathy, and behind them is needed the interest and support of every citizen.

We know how a small, seemingly insignificant cut or scratch may be neglected and become infected with disease germs and finally poison the whole system of the healthiest of men. Canada is apparently a young healthy country, but in her flesh there are festering sores, already infected with the germs of disease, crime and anarchy, which, if neglected, will spread and presently poison the whole system, and bring

about the downfall of our country.

We think of Canada's rolling wheat fields, her lakes and rivers, and her free fresh air, and we find it hard to believe that there are in Canada people who live in cramped quarters, denied even the gifts of fresh air and fresh water. I do not think that our people are really callously indifferent to conditions in our cities. It is only that they have no idea of the true state of affairs. Surely when they realize how very much they are needed, they will all be eager to join in a great movement to wipe out slum districts and bring into practical application to life the democratic ideals of our country.

MARCY

By Bernadette Coteh.

IT WAS a bitterly cold night in January. Outside, the wind blew lustily and rain drops pattered unceasingly against the glass of velvet curtained windows. The blazing logs in the fireplace threw fantastic shadows on the walls and flared radiantly on the two—an elderly gentleman and an extremely pretty girl who occupied the davenport.

"I was thinking," began the girl, wrinkling her pretty brow, and gazing into space, "I was thinking that it is about time you told me the story of Marcy Brunsen." She paused, then added coaxingly, "Remember, Doctor, you promised that you would."

"Well Elaine," he looked up and smiled broadly, "If you insist, I suppose I must oblige you." The doctor reached over for a match, lighted a cigar, then half-burying himself in the soft cushions began the story.

"Marcy was a remarkable child, in fact a child capable of great sacrifice and tenderness. She was the foster-daughter of 'Buck' Brunsen. This man's brutality and viciousness was known to the whole town, and

his cruelty to Marcy was openly hinted at.

"One evening he brought home for his young son, a tiny half starved puppy. The child playfully dragged and knocked it around, until the poor miserable creature cried out with pain. Marcy by her ingenuity saved it from the child's torturing hands, and in her compassion showered it with tenderness. Hardly a week had passed by when the puppy became strongly attached to his little mistress, and they soon became inseparable friends. Somehow Brunsen noticed the dog's affection for Marcy and in a fit of rage grabbed it fiercely, throwing it out on the hard sharp stones of the gravel path, which ran along beside the doorway.

"That night when everyone was asleep, Marcy crept out of the house, picked up the bruised and weak puppy and brought it to me. I remember vividly that pathetic little figure as she stood framed in the doorway. She was amazingly beautiful. An abundance of shining dark hair, glinting with bronze lights covered her dainty head;

eyes dark and unfathomable, with a hint of sadness in their depths. In her arms she clasped a small black puppy, which lay cuddled against her breast, his large round eyes staring with apparent fright at the sight of me.

"I waved her towards a chair and inquired gently why she came to visit me at such an unusual hour. At first she seemed half-afraid, somewhat reluctant to state her mission. The sadness in her eyes deepened into anguish and her firm little mouth trembled with untold misery. The next moment she was in my arms, and while tears streamed down her cheeks, she told me her pitiful story. To console her I offered her the use of my barn where she could take care of the little pup, Blacky. The child's pleasure was obvious. Her eyes beamed radiantly. She entwined her soft little arms round my neck, deposited a kiss and with a bound towards the door was gone.

"A few weeks later returning from a distant call, I found Marcy huddled in a corner of my den, weeping as if her heart would break. I tip-toed softly towards her, took her tear stained face between my hands and asked why she cried. She looked up at me with those big sad eyes, then lowered her head while sobs, terrible sobs, seemed to be tearing her little body to pieces. Marcy, what is it child? tell me, dear child, tell me? Presently she arose, took me by the hand and without a word led me to the barn. In a corner lay her beloved Blacky — strangled! With a shudder Marcy looked slowly away and turned her head towards me. The deathly pallor of her face, the look of untold agony in her tragic tear-filled eyes sent a wish of savage rage through me. How that child must have suffered to look like that! Who could have done such an unspeakable, wicked, shameless thing, but that brute of a man Brunsen! Somehow, I reasoned, he must have accidentally come upon Marcy's secret and strangled

the dog in one of his drunken rages. Hatred clutched at my heart, and with clenched fists I was about to run out and make that contemptable cur suffer as he made that innocent child suffer. Marcy must have read my thoughts for she quickly placed her tiny white hand on my still clenched fist and in a trembling voice said 'Doctor, please don't.'

"Her words brought a lump into my throat while tears welled up in my eyes, and I felt like a coward beside her.

"For the next three weeks sickness increased and I, being the only doctor of which the town boasted, was quite busy, and during that time I had no opportunity of seeing Marcy. You may imagine my delight when one afternoon I saw her standing near the general store. Her arms were loaded with parcels and she was patiently waiting for Mrs. Brunsen to end her rather lengthy talk with the grocer's wife.

"A few strides brought me to little Marcy's side, and a moment later Mrs. Brunsen joined us.

"Our talk was interrupted by a sudden commotion at the other extremity of the street. Horses, huge horses, were madly careening down the street. Mrs. Brunsen's four year old son, not realizing the danger ran out into the road, in the very path of the oncoming horses. Before anyone of us could realize the seriousness of his predicament Marcy had thrown down her parcels and rushed after the child; just in time to throw him to one side, but too late to save herself.

"I was stunned by the sudden course of events, then spurring myself to action, with clenching hands and madly racing heart, I darted to the spot where the childish figure was lying. Her face was hidden and she lay very still, so still that a terrible thought rushed through my brain. I tried to whisper her name, but no sound issued from my frozen lips; I bent down, felt her pulse, and listened to the faint beat of her

heart. Hope stirred within me, I bent lower, kissed her brow and was able to whisper her name softly. A faint smile spread over her face, her long dark eye—lashes fluttered slowly: the heavy lids unclosed: I raised her head a little: she drew out her arm weakly, and placed her hand in mine, and with

her last words said "Doctor, how good you are."

The doctor raised his tear dimmed eyes and glanced at Elaine, who was steadily gazing at the smouldering fire. He was about to speak, but not wishing to disturb the peace which had settled upon the room, he remained silent.

THE REVELATION

By Charles Grace.

IT IS amazing how few people appreciate life. The majority, rather than exert their practical minds leave imagination for dreamers. They fail to recognize romance in their everyday experiences and life for them is merely an existence.

I do not think that I am considered unnatural, but I find a fascination in dwelling upon some of my most common experiences, and in these ruminations they lose their commonness, seeming to extract color from my reflection, and my reward is the satisfying knowledge that I have lived.

Being an author and fearful lest some of these treasured moments should slip my memory, I invariably weave them into a plot. It appeals to me to analyse some difficult character whom I have encountered: in some unguarded moment to shatter and discard that outer affected appearance compounded of reserve, stoicism, and vanity, and reveal those finer qualities which prompt sincere thoughts and honourable deeds.

I believe, however, that my latest experience was the most perplexing I have ever known: the most difficult to understand: the most difficult to translate from reality to that medium where the assimilation of actuality and imagination reveals "life" in "existence."

It was our second day on the Atlantic. Our crossing promised to be one of those rare voyages bles-

sed with calm waters and sunny skies. The effect of the crescent moon on the previous night had inspired me to write, and I had remained in my room searching my vocabulary for appropriate words, for its description.

Satisfied for the present with my attempt, I picked up a book and strolled out to my chair on the deck. I was feeling very comfortable, stretched out in a lazy fashion with the companionship of book and pipe, so was rather indignant when the young occupant of the neighbouring chair disturbed me by jumping from her position and scurrying in pursuit of a piece of note paper which had been flipped from her lap by an unexpected breeze. Undoubtedly it was an action of impulse, which caused the book which she had been reading to be thrown half-way across the deck as she vacated her chair.

I considered myself wise in the methods of modern youth to demand recognition, and immediately concluded that this was the motive of her actions. Her type was not new. Well! She would find absolute indifference as far as I was concerned; perhaps I might even be able to invent some biting reproof.

She came for her book and as I expected, feigned surprise as she noticed that I had recovered it for her. I returned it with a bow.

"I must congratulate you on your originality in bringing about

an introduction, despite the fact that it is quite informal."

I finished, then awaited the usual apologies. She said nothing. That had taken effect, no doubt. What could she say? I raised my eyes.

It was then that I received the most withering look of which the imagination could conceive. How I wanted the sea to swallow me in its depths! But it didn't. How long I endured the burning contempt of those eyes I cannot tell. It seemed hours before she spoke and then one word only was flung at me with all the disdain of which the human voice is capable. "Fool" she said, then threw back her head and laughed. It was a laugh which is not easily described. It produced the same effect as cold water splashed in a sleeper's face. I became dizzily conscious of my humiliating position and turned groping for my stateroom door.

Behind its safety I stood like a statue, while every known emotion tore my being; furious anger at being so publicly ridiculed; deep indignation at being considered so insignificant; fervent desire to demand an explanation; then the realization that I had been mistaken in my theories of modern youth, until only humiliating shame remained. I stood motionless.

Someone was knocking on my door. I managed to voice an indistinct invitation to enter and was rather surprised to see a young man of my own age rush breathless into the room. Although perfect strangers, we immediately became brothers in distress. After the formality of introductions we discussed the scene.

"And she treated you in the same manner?" I asked.

"Exactly, when I rescued that piece of note paper. I never pitied anyone so much in my life as I did you, when I saw you give her that book."

"But who is she?" I asked thinking that she must have a very superior opinion of herself.

"Nobody seems to know. She's rather mysterious, very young to be travelling alone, and yet she certainly is capable; took the dining-room quite by storm last night, walked in like a queen as though she were the only one present. Two or three thoughtful chaps offered her their tables and she gave them the same look which she so generously bestowed on us. They simply faded out of the scene, and she found a table near the orchestra and appeared to be listening to the music during the whole meal."

The atmosphere of the room had lost its tension. We were breathing naturally once more, and I was actually becoming interested. I had to admit that here was a new type. A girl of perhaps twenty-three years of age, doubtless untalented and certainly very coarse and yet affecting the unbending air of superiority. Her apparent appreciation of the music, I reflected, would be solely for outward appearances.

"Well," I remarked absently, trying to imagine what further we might expect. "She still has a week to flaunt her audacity in our faces."

"Yes, and if I'm not mistaken she'll take advantage of every minute of it" my new friend answered, meditatively; then continued, "If only she were not so darn good looking and didn't possess such an overpowering personality. Well! it will soon be time to dine; must change these tweeds for something a little more formal. I'd enjoy your company at dinner if you haven't made any other arrangements, third table on the left of the orchestra"

"Thanks, old man, I'll certainly accept," I said and I must admit I was thinking more of the position of the table than his invitation.

Nothing out of the ordinary happened at dinner except that everyone had that feeling of lost self-confidence the moment our mysterious passenger entered the salon. She moved directly to the table on our right and I had every opportu-

ity of close scrutiny without making my effrontery conspicuous.

I saw no hardness in her face as I had expected. Her striking features portrayed only determination and capability. She was dark and very beautiful and at times I was almost certain that her interest in the music was wholly sincere.

Although she had been quiet in the salon she entirely discarded her modesty in the ball-room. A floundering shape, which as an excuse to live had accepted the name of Pom-eranian, was being lovingly fondled by a pompous individual belonging to that ingratiating class, the *nouveau-riche*. For a brief moment it was thoughtlessly neglected, and some unknown impulse prompted it to exert itself sufficiently to spring from the loving arms into the filmy silk-covered lap of our interesting passenger.

With that characteristic suddenness which marked her every action she caught the priceless treasure by the beautiful mauve silk bow, so carefully tied about its neck, and it effected a very undignified precipitation half-way across the highly polished ball-room floor.

The corpulent mistress almost fainted, but was suddenly brought to consciousness by the flow of accusations which were being mercilessly cast into her face.

The music had ceased. Everyone stared dumbfounded but scarcely heard a word. I remember hearing something about "sacrificing the love of a human child for a whimpering, crawling animal." And then it suddenly occurred to me that this dashing, heartless mystery was openly accusing the now trembling hypocrite of violating one of humanity's unwritten laws.

What next? I wondered.

I had not long to wait. She motioned to the orchestra to continue and then whirled off into the centre of the room. Instantly hers was the only presence. She refused to even consider the others and they in their turn surrendered to that indomitable individuality. Gradually

they became seated, someone dimmed the lights and everyone, as if in a trance, watched that whirling alluring figure in the most fascinating assimilation of movements that has ever been witnessed. Here was rhythm itself, the qualities of art, the interpretation of music all reproduced in this wild exemplification of varied and conflicting emotions. Now with graceful flowing movements her lithe figure seemed to float on the weird strains of the exotic music, and now she interpreted life in some daring whirl of madness.

Surely, I thought, a thing so artistic could be prompted only by feeling. Could it be possible that beneath this bold exterior there actually existed a soul that could effect such a display of emotions?

How could it possibly end?

Then as she glided past the orchestra, an attempted harmonic by the violinist became a discordant rasp. It was very noticeable to me, as I had devoted considerable time to the study of that particular instrument. He recovered himself, but the result of his smile was the sudden conclusion of that dramatic outburst of liberated passion.

Sleep that night was impossible. What a character! If I ever attempted a description the world would laugh and think it incredible, and yet such a description as my limited vocabulary could compose would be shallow, wholly inadequate. There was very little consolation in the fact that my theories were still sound, for so I considered them, at least when applied to the majority. I contented myself with the knowledge that this girl was an exception. Certainly no one would ever see her equal. * * * * *

It was a wonderful night, that last one on the ocean. The moon seemed to be overflowing with radiance and lent to everything that silvery softness which makes the most practical a dreamer.

After everyone had retired from the ball-room I remained with my thoughts, taking advantage of the

luxurious rest afforded by the corner lounge. Sunk deep in the cushions I surrendered myself to the effects of the sweetly incensed air of the room, dimly illuminated by one light at the farthest end. It was an atmosphere disposed to produce only tender and romantic reveries.

Strangely enough the thought of a particular person breaking into this peaceful setting seemed repulsive to me. True, she had been acting more naturally of late, since she was receiving the indifference from everyone which she evidently desired. I knew that if she entered the room this peace would fade like a beautiful dream: and yet I was unconscious of any change when some indefinable instinct drew my eyes to her slowly advancing figure. Surely this was not the same girl. She appeared as a vision of sweet purity and seemed to blend perfectly into the setting.

I was unnoticed as she walked past to the piano. For awhile her fingers seemed to fall carelessly over the keys, and then as if seeking some elusive rhyme they gradually found expression in a thing of passionate beauty. Slowly the power of the theme gripped me and I caught some of its meaning and became aware that a soul hungering for peace was guiding her fingers. It held me motionless, then drew me until I was standing so close that I could have touched her. Something within me cried out for expression. A violin lay in its open case upon the floor. I picked up the muted instrument and in some magical way followed her in that half-sad, half-pleading interpretation of a lost soul.

This indefinable power placed my

fingers, drew the bow, used me only as an instrument and the violin a medium through which it found expression.

The last notes died away. I remained motionless. She moved softly out on the deck. Perhaps it was her movement which made me conscious of myself. I replaced the violin and approached the figure which appeared so alluring in the moonlight.

Afraid to trust my voice, I said nothing as I stood beside her, simply followed her gaze to the moon. Something drew my eyes to look at her.

I thought she was very beautiful then, and as I looked, her eyes suddenly filled with tears. Just as the refraction of water reveals the hidden object, as I gazed into those pools of reflected moonlight, so was her soul revealed to me.

"It's wonderful isn't it, the power of music and night," she said slowly.

"Wonderful!" was all I could say.

And then she began to cry like a heartbroken child.

Slowly I led her into the lounge, comforting her, pitying her as she sobbed out her heart.

Brokenly she told me her story and I wanted to help her, prayed that I might be able to pacify that troubled heart.

"I could always recognize the—the beauty in music and—and things like that, but no one ever showed me where—where to find—love," she said softly, "But now—now I'm very tired—very tired and—happy."

The night wore on. I was afraid to move for fear of awakening her so I surrendered myself to the wonders of life and—love.

FACTS ABOUT BOOKS

By Bernadette Catch.

"When all that is worldly turns to dross around us, books only, retain their steady value."—Washington Irving.

How many of us realize the sim-

ple truth in the above statement? How many of us are convinced that literature is a living reality, and

that the relation of books to life is close and vital—and by no means merely ornamental?

People have gradually come to realize the value of good books. By good books, I mean works of great writers, such as Shakespeare, Bacon, Conrad, Meredith, etc. Books by such writers are not merely some hundreds of pages of printed matter, no, not by any means. They contain some great fundamental truths of life that are worth knowing and they are, therefore, valuable sources of information and great aids to education.

A regrettable loss of the present day is that the vast majority of people fail to profit by their reading. One reason is that they do not know what to read. The taste for higher literature is not developed in them because they surround themselves with worthless books. Such books, said one great writer, have not an uplifting influence on the masses but leave them in utter ignorance.

Many people complain that they have tried to cultivate a taste for higher literature but have met with apparently little success. Why is this so? The answer is simple. A person with a taste for cheap literature, literally speaking, cannot jump over-night from such reading to a

true appreciation of Milton's poetry for example. The development of a taste for good literature is gradual, and in some cases may take even years, but the effort will always be awarded.

However, a person who has very little attraction for high-class literature, should not be discouraged from his present type of reading. The fascination for cheap literature cannot withstand the test of time, and will wear off. He will, perhaps then realize its uselessness and step by step his taste will be developed, and he will eventually demand books of literary merit. In fact, he might reach the stage where he would turn away scornfully from his former books, to the old classics or to the works of some of our truly great modern writers.

The next consideration is how to get the best out of books. To derive the highest value from them, they should be read thoughtfully and carefully noting passages worthy to be remembered, or else rereading the whole book rapidly. When one quarter of an hour has been spent in reading, the other three-quarters should be passed in meditation on what has been read. Then, and only then, will the full benefit of the reading be reaped.

STAMP COLLECTING

By Venner Couse.

AMONG the principal hobbies of the universe is the collecting of stamps. A great many people who are not interested in this useful hobby, laugh at the thought of spending time and money for the sake of collecting stamps, and yet these same people go to a show as many as three times a week to see some picture which is at best insipid or sensational. I find that collecting stamps is a very useful pastime which is neither a waste of time nor money.

You may say that this is just a

fad begun by someone whom thousands have imitated. This is not true, for the accumulating of stamps by individuals began almost immediately after their issue in 1840. It was during the middle fifties that schoolboys began to give their attention to foreign Stamp-collecting. It pleased the youthful mind to receive specimens from Brazil or the United States, but the stamps which passed in the mail daily were treated with contempt, caused by familiarity. It is very significant that the collectors of this

early period of whom any records are preserved were often men of culture and of position.

In collecting stamps, the common stamps should be treated with the same care as the rare varieties, for after all there can be no beauty in a few rare stamps if there has been no proper care exercised in the selection and arrangement of the accompanying issues. There are two kinds of amateur collectors, namely, the beginner and the general collector who is advancing towards the large collection. The general collector will probably use a large and spaced-out album, with the spaces and the different issues arranged symmetrically upon the pages. There are many other requisits for the up-to-date collector, including stamp-hinges, benzine for cleaning purposes, tweezers for handling and gauges for arranging stamps. Besides these two general collectors, there is the specialist, who can rarely have the advantage of a printed album as his possessions include pairs, blocks, marginal pieces, original covers and items of various shapes and sizes. He, of course, works on blank pages which can be interchanged with ease.

Stamp-collecting for the most of us is a recreation and a respite from the anxieties of the money-market, and many collectors are quite content with the joys of collation and research. At the same time we are not out of sympathy with the individual who,

"Whatever thing he had to do
He did, and made it pay him too."

We use the term "collector" and "dealer" and also the term "collector-dealer" in a broad sense. The collector-dealer class is composed of collectors who are glad to enjoy their hobby, but desire to make it pay for itself and perhaps yield an addition to their regular income. In most of the stamp societies, the rules forbid the admission of regular dealers to membership. Collections which are formed with care and a considerable expenditure of money, shall not, if parted with re-

sult in a loss, or if retained suffer a heavy depreciation. We must remember that the longer stamps are kept the higher are the values received for them. No person of average intelligence need ever be totally in the dark as to the approximate selling value of old stamps, because in nearly every country, standard price-lists are issued by the leading dealers.

Misprints, surcharged stamps and makeshift stamps are the most valuable. What a fortune could have been accumulated, if one had been able to prophesy correctly. In March 1878 there was an unexpected shortage in Barbados of the One Penny stamp, and to overcome the difficulty the government took the five shilling stamp and perforated it down the centre and surcharged it "1d." These stamps are now worth two hundred dollars. In 1850-51 the Circular stamps of British Guiana were issued and in a very short time became obsolete. At present the four stamps of the set are worth \$12,500, which is a modern fortune. Canada provided a rarity in 1851 which is worth noting. A peculiar value of Twelve Pence stamp was issued, and for some reason a small portion of the large supply was sold and the remainder disappeared. That stamp is now worth two thousand times its original cost. These are just a minimum number of the stamps which are worth hundreds of times their original cost.

One of the most important things to guard against in stamp-collecting is the buying and trading of fakes and forgeries. The expert is rarely deceived, but a common collector could easily be tricked. If rare stamps are offered much below their current quotation by individuals who are supposed to know their true worth, it is a sign that the stamps for sale are either forgeries or carefully mended copies of damaged stamps. There is little danger of the collector getting fakes if his transactions are carried on with a reputable dealer, for these

men have done much to purify the honest trade in stamps. Forgeries are made either for the purpose of defrauding the government, or else for rifling the pockets of the innocent stamp collector. There have been some very notable frauds, and in one instance the forgery of an English stamp was not discovered for twenty-six years. According to calculations based on the number of stamps used, the government must have lost about \$200 daily during the period mentioned above. Among foreign countries, Spain has suffered most from forgeries.

King George says that stamp-collecting is one of the greatest pleasures of his life. His is among the greatest individual collections of the world. Of the National collections, Great Britain has the finest in the bequest of the late Mr. T. K. Topling, M.P. who died in 1891, and since then his collection has been arranged for exhibition purposes. The collection contains approximately 100,000 specimens

and the value is about \$500,000. Germany has also one of the finest National collections, which was founded by Dr. Von Stephan, the first man to propose the use of post-cards. The Duke of Leinster left his valuable collections to the Irish National Museum. Mr. George Worthington bequeathed to Cleveland the finest collection in the United States, valued at about \$400,000. Lord Crawford of England, Mr. Francis C. Foster of Boston, Mr. M. P. Castle, Jr. of England, and Mr. Phillipe la Renotiere of France are some of the most noted individual collectors.

From the above, stamp-collecting is seen to be a very valuable and universal pastime; collections are valuable no matter how small they are, while large collections are worth a fortune. Some of the world's greatest men collect stamps for many years without losing their interest and then pass them on to others to continue.

THE AMETHYST AND THE LOADED CANE

By Melissa Black.

NATALIE and Peter loved to visit Hilsbury House. They loved the stags' heads on the library walls, the quaint old china in the long, carved cabinet, Pippa, Aunt Penelope's saucy parrot, and the long, shadowy corridors that afforded ideal places for hide-and-seek. They loved Aunt Penelope's fascinating stories of the ancestors whose portraits hung in the long, high-ceilinged gallery. She had promised, some day when they were older, to tell them of the Lost Amethyst. They loved Aunt Penelope, the last of the Hilsburys with the exception of their mother, who was very much younger than Aunt Penelope. Yes, deep down in their little hearts, they did love Aunt Penelope, even though she was always reminding them, "Children,

do play more quietly;" "Peter, brush your hair and wash your hands before tea;" and, "Natalie, do not flop into your chair. Sit down gracefully like a lady." Mother never scolded them in that way, but then Aunt "Pen" was very, very old; perhaps she never had been really young, and if she had, perhaps she had quite forgotten the impulses incidental to youth.

One rainy day in October they were both sitting disconsolately on the lowest step of the great, central stairs. Aunt Penelope had fallen asleep in her chair; she could be seen through the partly opened door. Peter wiped his perspiring little forehead on a blue-bordered handkerchief. He was hot and tired. Natalie had found a new place to hide, 'way up behind the

grandfather clock on the landing, and had led him a weary chase. "What'll we play now?" he demanded. "I'm getting tired of hide--and--seek."

Both sat in reverie, two dimpled chins supported by two pairs of dimpled hands, propped on two pairs of dimpled knees. There was unbroken silence for a while, all of their energies expended upon devising a new game. Then Peter had a brilliant idea!

"I say, Natalie," he exploded, "Let's get the cushions from the chaise longue and we'll toboggan down the banisters."

"Oh, jolly, let's!" replied Natalie, clapping her hands, and dancing up and down, "Let's!"

Then her eyes fell upon her sleeping aunt, through the doorway. "I guess," she said slowly, "I guess, perhaps, Peter, we hadn't better. We might waken Auntie, and she wouldn't like it, you know. But I have an idea. There are lots of old costumes in the chest in our great-great-grandmother's oval bed room. Say we dress up. You be Sir Roger and I will be Lady Nan. Then we will dance together in—in the great salon, Peter." (This last in a whisper of awe).

"A great idea, Nat," said Peter, enthusiastically, "Shall we go up now?"

Ten minutes later, two quaint little figures, hand-in-hand descended the broad steps, so often trodden by grand ladies and noble cavaliers of long ago, one in lavender taffeta and silver brocade, the other in wine-purple velvet. Sedately they traversed the length of the main corridor and turned down the left wing. At the end was a small, black door, with gleaming brass handles. It was the door of Aunt Penelope's salon.

The salon, to the children, had long been a place of intense interest especially so since, for them, it was shrouded in mystery. Once, almost four years ago, Aunt "Pen" had taken them there to see a tiny model of a warship to illustrate one of

her stories about Grandfather Hilsbury, who had been a brave admiral. But after that day, Aunt Penelope had never again offered to show them the great salon. And Mother had taught them not to be inquisitive!

So, with the excitement of two adventurers coming upon a new and unexplored land, they closed the heavy door behind them and stepped quietly upon a soft, Persian rug.

The fireplace was tiled in a dull, brownish green, and each tile depicted an industry or product of their county, surmounted by the arms of the House of Hilsbury. The mantle was one great, solid piece of black oak, like the door, and on it were many curious stones, long elaborately carved pipes and relics collected from countries all over the world. Above the mantle-piece was a scene in inlaid wood. It was a lonely castle, high among the crags, a place where eagles might swoop and scream about the low, hanging turrets. And above the castle was the model warship just where it had been when Aunt Penelope had told them the story of Admiral Hilsbury. All about the walls were hung Flemish tapestries, pastoral scenes, some symbolic of the seasons. Over in one corner was a cabinet, not like the one which held Aunt Penelope's china but high, with a curved glass door and a great many narrow shelves. There were many interesting curios in the cabinet—all sorts of fans, lacy ones, fans of carved ivory and even one of peacock feathers; there were gold and tortoise-shell snuff-boxes; strings of beautifully colored beads and curious jewels, great brass candlesticks, quill pens of richly dyed feathers, and a great pile of yellowed manuscripts in a red Morocco case.

All these things attracted Peter and Natalie until Natalie noticed a thick, unornamental cane or stick, with a crack near the top, standing behind the cabinet.

"Just what you need, Peter, to complete the costume!" she cried,

"why, Peter, feel how heavy it is!"

Peter felt, that is, he reached for one end of the cane and, to his astonishment, the parts separated just at the crack and a long, shining, steel blade was drawn out. Peter ran his finger along the sharp edge. It was a sword blade and near the tip was a drop of blood.

Natalie almost screamed. Then her attention was diverted. There, at the end of the hollow stick which she still held in her hand, was a dull, unpolished, brass cap and between it in the wood was another crack where the two did not join. With eager little hands she hastily unscrewed the brass cap. Something fell to the ground. It was something cold and gleaming, like a ripple of Hilsbury Brook, when the sun shone golden through the interlaced branches above and its beams had caught the purple of the fragrant wood violets nestling along its banks. The children were amazed. Then they both spoke at once, "Let's ask Aunt Penelope. She always knows."

But as it happened, it was nearly a week before they were told the story. Aunt Penelope's solicitor had come down from London, and mysterious despatches came and went, some with foreign-looking postmarks. Curiously enough, all of the unusual bustle seemed to concern the hard, sparkly thing that had dropped to the floor when Natalie unscrewed the tip of the cane.

Then one evening Aunt Penelope found time to talk with them after tea. She stroked Natalie's smooth little blonde head. "I know you children have been curious to know the meaning of our excitement of this week and about the treasures of the great salon and, like two very good little children, you have refrained, from asking questions. So to-night, in return, you may have your choice of any story you wish."

Natalie and Peter held a conference on the matter for a few minutes, then Natalie announced the verdict. "Tell us, if you please,

Auntie, the story of the Lost Amethyst."

Aunt Penelope put an arm about each little shoulder and smiled.

"Not so very long ago," she began, "there was a gallant young military man, the only son and the last of his line, Captain Gilbert Hilsbury. His two sisters adored him and it was supposed that he would settle down quietly upon his inherited estate, and perhaps, as a side issue, take a position with the Colonial Office. Then the war came and, like so many of our British boys, he left college before the completion of the term to enlist. There were two horrible years when in the midst of turmoil and strife he passed from youth to manhood, hardened by the sorrows he had seen, shattered by the horrors in which he had engaged. During all that while there was no leave of absence to come home, and next we learned of his transfer to the British Railway Mission in Siberia.

All through the little, destitute, Russian villages his company went, often just in time to rescue the inhabitants before an onrush of the "Reds", and then, through the night to hasten on to the next stopping-place. On his first leave, he, with a brother soldier, a classmate at Oxford, stayed in Moscow. In the former capital he met a beautiful Russian girl, the Princess Natalie. Before leaving Moscow that week, she gave him as a talisman an amethyst, clear, exquisitely cut, and one of her family's heirlooms.

It was early autumn when his company returned to Moscow. All about the city were groups of Bolsheviks, secret societies of fanatics, lurking in byways to pounce upon any hostile to their own radical views. About four in the afternoon the Captain called upon Princess Natalie. Just as she received him, a servant, one of a society of friends of the revolution, cut her through the heart with a sword, masked as an ordinary walking-stick. She had intercepted the thrust just in time to save Gilbert

Hilsbury from death, a death of gruesome horror. The assassin escaped leaving behind his weapon.

That winter Captain Hilsbury, working fearlessly and persistently to avenge the death of Princess Natalie, was taken captive by the Bolshevik troops. He died after a few months' imprisonment. Far away from Hilsbury Chapel he lies, beside the Princess Natalie in a secluded corner of a great cathedral of Moscow.

Little Natalie had been weeping. Now she raised her wet eyes to her aunt's face and asked.

"What became of the talisman, Auntie, that the beautiful lady gave to my Uncle Gilbert?"

"That is just what I intended telling you now," said Aunt Penelope. "His friend, who was with him in Moscow, wrote to us and sent home to Hilsbury House the things that Gilbert had with him, among them the loaded cane. In his letter he said that Gilbert, just before he died, had told him of a precious stone, an amethyst, to be given the first little Natalie of the House of

Hilsbury. "But," he stated, "he must have been speaking in delirium, for it was only a short while before he died and no trace of the amethyst could be found." Since his death, we have employed every possible means to find if the amethyst did exist. And appropriately, little Natalie, you have been the one to discover the gem, which is to be yours.

Aunt Penelope unlocked the door of the cabinet with a little silver key, took from it the amethyst and laid it in Natalie's hand.

"I shall wear it always," said Natalie, softly, "to remind me of the beautiful princess, whose name was like mine."

"Then," asserted Peter, "I am going to have the cane, so, when I grow up and am a soldier, no other fellow will get the best of me. I shall be brave, too, like my Uncle Gilbert."

The firelight sparkled on the amethyst, like a scintillant, purple dream. Far in its depths were dark, red lights, like blood.

A TALE OF A HAT

By Victoria Bates.

IT'S a disgrace to the school! She shouldn't be allowed to wear it!" announced May Hughes.

"I wonder she has the nerve to come in it," said Audrey Chambers, May's special friend and supporter. "Even if her people aren't well-off, she needn't advertise it so much."

"What's the trouble?" inquired Daisy Jackson, as she entered the classroom of Form 2B, and placed a pile of books on her desk.

"It's that new girl in our form—Pauline Davies, or whatever she calls herself. She's got the most awful hat you ever saw in your life. Somebody ought to speak to her about it," said May.

"What's wrong with it? Miss

Stoneham didn't say anything about it, did she?"

"Oh, well, you couldn't expect a teacher to complain of the hat her pupil wears. But it's so terribly old, I think she must have bought it second-hand from somebody! The straw's sunburned and brown, and the brim's frayed at one side, and the crown's the queerest shape you ever saw. You're president of the form, Daisy; do speak to her about it—and tell her she really must get a new one if she's going to be a High School girl."

"I just won't do anything of the sort!" answered Daisy indignantly. "And none of you others will either, or I'll know the reason why! What does it matter to us what kind of

hat the girl wears? We're not all quite so snobbish as you, Miss Hughes! I'll report anyone who teases her about her hat or clothes, in school or out. So now, you know!"

"Hush, here she comes," said Edith Forbes quickly, and the girls began talking loudly upon other subjects as the new girl, Pauline Davies, came into the classroom.

"It's all very well for Daisy to talk like that," grumbled May, as she strolled along the corridors arm-in-arm with Audrey, before school started that morning. "Everybody sees Pauline coming in the direction of the High, with her armful of books, and to think that a girl like that belonged to our set, with such a hat!——"

"It is a pity that dog didn't eat her hat yesterday, instead of Gladys Milner's," said Audrey.

May's face lit up with a sudden inspiration, as she exclaimed,

"Say! That's a good idea! Just supposing a dog did eat her hat? Just supposing a dog got locked up in the cloakroom, one that's fond of hats, with Pauline's hat lying on the floor? It could hardly help eating it!"

"That hat would be done for, anyway," chuckled May, looking out of the window to the grounds outside. Then she grasped Audrey's arm in excitement.

"Talk of luck! There's the dog himself! The very one that ate Gladys Milner's hat yesterday! Quick, help me get him!" And with that she was out the door and upon the dog, a little wire-haired terrier, with a mischievous little nose, and carried him off to the cloak-room in triumph.

There was nobody there, as the morning-bell was due in a few minutes, and she set the puppy down on the floor. Then, lifting her hand she gave the new girl's shabby hat a jerk that sent it spinning to the floor. Then they carefully locked the door with the bolt on the outside and went off to their lessons.

When school was over for the

morning May and Audrey hurried away with the others to the cloak-room, anxious to be "in for the fun," as May expressed it.

The discovery was made by Edna Barnes, as, being the first girl to enter the room, she caught sight of the puppy fast asleep on the battered remnants of an old straw hat.

"Oh, girls! That little brute's been at someone else's hat! I do hope it isn't mine!" she exclaimed.

"It looks like Pauline's," remarked Audrey.

Pauline hurried forward and rescued the battered hat from the puppy.

"Goodness, just look at it! How ever am I to go home in that?" she said. "It was bad enough before, but it's absolutely unwearable now."

"Bad luck, Pauline," said May, with mock sympathy.

You'll have to get a new one now, won't you?" asked Audrey, following in the footsteps of her friend.

"Oh, that's all right," answered Pauline. "I've a new one coming, but none of the shops here had one I liked, so Miss Stoneham lent me an old one that belonged to her niece until we got the one Mother sent away for. I shouldn't be surprised if it is there when I get home—but I'll have to go home without one."

Then she looked more closely at the hat.

"Why, I don't believe it is mine, after all," she cried. "No, it isn't! It's yours, May. Yours was the same style as mine, and here's your name in the crown."

"WHAT!" shrieked May, springing forward and catching the hat out of the new girl's hand. Then, as she saw her own name staring up at her in large, ink-printed figures, she sank down on a chair in bewilderment.

"How on earth did it get there?" she gasped.

"I can tell you how, if you want to know," observed Daisy Jackson, a few minutes later, when the new girl having taken her own hat, had left. "I heard the puppy yelping this morning between lessons, and

finding him shut up in here, I came to let him out. But when I saw Pauline's hat on the floor, I jumped to conclusions and changed my mind, but I changed hats as well. I thought it would teach you not to be such a snob."

With this parting thrust she departed, leaving May to get out of her own trap as best she could.

The worst of it was that Pauline's new hat was awaiting her arrival home that day, and when the girl returned the borrowed one to her teacher the next day, Miss Stoneham promptly turned it over to May, and insisted upon her wear-

ing it until she could get a new one. In spite of her disgust, May had to accept the loan of it, and wore it for nearly a week.

The only member of the form who did not appreciate the joke, besides May herself, was Pauline Davies. The new girl had no inkling of the unkind plot May had prepared for her, and the rest of the form took care not to let her know. Pauline was never quite able to understand why the whole of the form rocked with laughter when she comforted May upon having to wear the old shabby hat of Miss Stoneham's niece.

MY VISIT TO THE GLOBE THEATRE

By Annie Leslie.

I William Martext, having saved some little means, went to London to see my former tutor, Master William Shakespeare, and will now try to set down, in order, the experiences of my journey. A trip to London for a poor man is a dark and hazardous adventure. The pitfalls and quagmires of the way, highwaymen and landlords all combine against the traveller to make his going one of risk. From Smitterfield to London is about a 'four days' journey on horse and I found it long and weary enough. Stopping over Sunday at Oxford I witnessed a pleasing break in the monotony. In the inn yard I joined the crowd assembled for the bear-bating, our good Queen's favorite sport, and was much perturbed when my horse was ready for me to proceed. The roads from now on were wondrous good and I was not once bogged.

Arriving in London, I found it a hideous and dirty place, enclosed by walls outside of which were lonely fields. The streets were narrow and dirty, dusty in dry weather and muddy in wet, with streams of filth running in the gutters. Over the passers-by on London Bridge dang-

led the heads of traitors, bleaching in the sunlight. However, along the banks of the Thames stood imposing palaces and some of the shops were very fine. At first I had difficulty in finding lodgings but as I wandered along the Thames I met Master Pooke, an old resident of Stratford, who conducted me to the Mermaid Tavern.

"How now, William Martext! Come you direct from Smitterfield? And what would be bringing you to London Town?" Master Pooke greeted me. (How good it was to see a friendly face and clasp a friendly hand!)

"I have but arrived this morning and come all this dangerous distance to see good Master Shakespeare in his own play 'Henry V'. How say you Master Pooke, shall we go together?"

"Truly indeed, and that this very afternoon. Let us hasten to the 'Mermaid' where we will victual and dress for the play."

We arrived at the Globe Theatre where 'Henry V' was being shown. The place was crowded, and before the play began I had time to look about me—at my neighbors in the pit who quarrelled and fought, ate

oranges, drank beer and were very unruly in manner; at the dandies who sat on the stage in order to show their gay dresses, smoking and playing cards; and at the Theatre itself. This theatre was a circular, wooden structure only partly roofed with thatch. Under the open sky in the centre of the building, where the cheapest places were, Master Pooke and I stood with the mechanics and apprentices. Before us was the stage and the semi-circle enclosing the pit was occupied by boxes. In these rooms tradesmen and lower gentry had their seats. Very few ladies were present and those who were wore masks to conceal their identity. A flourish of trumpets interrupted my reverie, and I listened eagerly when an actor appeared who recited a piece of verse which Master Pooke said was the prologue. This prologue hinted at the nature of the play and besought the favor of the audience. Women's parts were all taken by boys who, in my opinion, exhibited great skill, but of course as this was my first play I could not be considered a critic.

Signs were hung out to show the changes of scene. A great deal was left to our imaginations, and sometimes I found it very difficult to hear what was being said. The dandies on the stage kept making insolent remarks about the actors and cracking jokes at our expense. Master Shakespeare took the part of the Dauphin and I was highly pleased to announce to all who would listen that I knew Master Shakespeare very well and had come all the way from Smutterfield to visit him. This last statement rather troubled my conscience for a time, but I overcame this feeling by the realization that I would probably see the playwright after the play and visit with him.

And I did see Master Shakespeare, who spoke to me most kindly, inquiring about persons in Stratford and displaying great interest in them despite his increased income and great successes. So I feel amply repaid for my long journey which has furnished me with gossip for many weeks and has raised me more than a little in my neighbours' opinions.

THE HAUNTED MILL

By Dorothy Hall.

STE JULIE is one of those quaint and tranquil little villages, which can be found in no other part of Canada but along the Lower St. Lawrence. It boasts of only four or five hundred inhabitants, who are content to live as their fathers did in old-fashioned houses with dormer windows, which are seldom opened, but are generally filled with flowering geraniums.

Like every French-Canadian village Ste. Julie is dominated by an imposing looking church, with a glittering tin steeple and an imperative bell. It determines all the duties and diversions of the parish, its fast days and festivals, and every Sunday morning after Mass one is

sure to see a group of villagers standing in front of the church conversing together with many gestures, about some incident which had happened during the preceding week.

The favourite topic of conversation used to be the haunted mill. This mill was an old building which stood some two miles up the river. It was so old that even Pierre La Pointe, the patriarch of the village, could barely remember the time when it had been in use. He could, however, remember how one stormy, spring night when the river was almost overflowing its banks the people of the village had been roused from their sleep by the ring-

ing of the bell in the small tower of the mill.

The men of the village had hurried down to find out the reason of the bell ringing at that hour, and on arriving learned that the owner had been drowned, and the men employed at the mill had rung the bell to summon the villagers.

For a time after the disaster, the former owner's son managed the mill, but soon, as business was not very thriving, he closed it and went to live in Montreal.

When the mill was abandoned the yard became filled with weeds and so did the road which led from it to the village. People began to look upon the mill as a place to dread and seldom went near it; and one night Louis Brule, a villager, who was returning home from a neighbouring village, saw strange white forms through the windows of the mill. This incident confirmed the fears of the good people of Ste. Julie, and henceforth the mill was regarded as haunted.

One stormy night in March a few years ago, the village people were awakened by the sound of a bell which rang at intervals. Many who heard it knelt down and prayed for a departing soul, for they thought it was their good old padre dashing past and ringing his bell on his way to some dying person.

However, they soon discovered that it was not the bell of the padre since it kept on ringing, but towards daylight it stopped and in the morning wondering and white-faced people questioned each other as to its origin.

They were not kept in suspense long. About nine o'clock old Pierre came down to the village inn, where most of the people had gathered with the startling news that it had been the bell in the old mill ringing. He said that it was on just such a night as the preceding that the mill owner was drowned, and he had no doubt that the ghosts of the men, who had rung the bell at the owner's death, had

returned to the mill and rung the bell.

Most of the villagers believed this story; those who did not, kept silent when the subject was discussed, for fear of incurring the wrath of old Pierre.

Soon after this strange occurrence the village was again roused to a pitch of intense excitement; but this time the excitement was of a pleasant nature. The grandson of the first owner of the mill and his family were coming back to Ste. Julie. Many remarks were made as to what Mr. Wright (he was the owner of the mill) would do about the mysterious bell, which rang now almost every night. Some thought he would be alarmed and not remain in the village long, but others claimed he would have the mill torn down, though what men in Ste. Julie would be willing to do the task they could not state.

The evening the Wrights arrived in Ste. Julie was clear and beautiful, as were the two or three following days, so the bell was not heard.

Then came a wild, stormy night when the lightening flashed and the thunder roared furiously. But this did not alarm the good people of Ste. Julie nearly so much as did the wild, weird sound of the old mill bell which could be heard during the intervals of the storm—a storm which lasted until noon the following day.

As soon as the storm abated, old Pierre La Pointe started out for the inn. When he drew near he was pleased to observe Mr. Wright's son and daughter waiting for him. The kindly old fellow chuckled to himself as he thought of the stories he would tell the young people about "the tam I be young." However, he was doomed to disappointment that time.

The young Wrights greeted Pierre merrily, and as soon as he was seated in his old arm-chair they began to ply him with questions regarding the exact location of the mill, and how to reach it. The simple, old habitant told them all he

knew, (and a great deal more of what was purely imagination) about the place. He was somewhat surprised, however, and not a little piqued when on inquiring why they wanted to know so much about the mill, the only answer he received was an enigmatical smile from Judith and a vacant gaze from Kenneth. Then they thanked him and departed, leaving the old man to puzzle over their strange behaviour.

Kenneth and his sister went home and spent the remainder of the day in looking for a lantern and a piece of canvas. No one noticed their strange behaviour during the day as Mr. and Mrs. Wright were not at home and the servants were busy putting the house in order.

Towards evening the two set out down the old, seldom used road to the mill. The sun which had been vainly struggling to shine during the day, was setting behind a mass of forbidding-looking clouds, while the ringing of the bell formed a mystic accompaniment to the dismal howling of the wind. Judith and her brother had a hard time walking through the mud, but after walking about an hour, they came in sight of a dilapidated old building, situated on the banks of the swollen river. The bell rang loudly now, and in spite of their brave air both Kenneth and Judith felt a thrill of apprehension.

"What if the good people of Ste. Julie are right, and the place is haunted?" was the question they asked themselves over and over again as they stood watching the ruins of the once prosperous establishment.

Suddenly they heard a weird shriek. Judith turned pale and grasped her brother by the arm.

"Let's go, Ken, I'm frightened," she said in a strange, shaky voice.

For a moment the boy was inclined to do as his sister wished, but then common sense came to his rescue and he said, in as brave a voice as possible, "Why Judy Wright, I really believe you're as superstitious as old Pierre La

Pointe himself. Don't be alarmed at that noise it was a — only a —"

"O Ken, look!" interrupted Judith.

Her brother did as he was bidden, and was startled to see a white form through the window of the mill. He half turned and was going to seize Judith's arm and get back to the village as quickly as possible. Then he thought of how his school-mates in Montreal would laugh if they heard that he, Kenneth Wright was afraid of ghosts and fled from them, so he turned to his sister and said, "See her, Judy, you wait here while I go around to the other side and see who is ringing that bell."

The girl was terrified at this proposal and declared if he went she would go too; so they cautiously made their way through the weeds and piles of rubbish to where the old bell was hanging in the half-fallen turret.

When they went nearer they could observe no one ringing the bell so Kenneth ventured to go up beside it. He stood looking around for a minute,—and then broke into a peal of laughter and called to his sister to come and see the ghosts. Judith, her fears being allayed by Kenneth's laughter, went quickly and saw that the old bell rope was swayed not by ghosts, but by the waves of the river.

"At last the mystery is solved," she said, breathing a sigh of relief. Then she started quickly, as the same weird cry, such as they had heard before, issued from the ruins.

"I know now what that is!" exclaimed Kenneth, "its an owl in one of those trees over there."

"And the ghost we saw at the window is simply a white-washed pillar," said Judith, lighting their lantern and holding it up in such a manner that the pillar could be distinctly seen.

Having solved the mystery of their great grandfather's once thriving mill, Judith wished to start back to the village; but her brother claimed it would be more exciting to spend the night there

under cover of the adequately small piece of canvas they had brought. However, like a true gentleman, he yielded to his sister's wishes and with much difficulty they returned to the village, only to find the villagers greatly alarmed about their mysterious disappearance.

When they told their story the people nearly went mad. They capered about wildly and with many gesticulations thanked and praised

Kenneth and Judith for being brave enough to go to the mill and clear the mystery.

Old Pierre, though somewhat disappointed at having his favourite mystery probed into, praised them also; but until today he tells people, and firmly believes himself, that it was his influence which made Judith and her brother go to the mill, and they are too generous to tell anything different.

A PARAPHRASE ON "LIGHT"

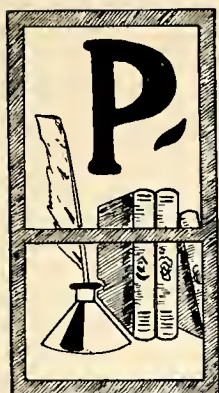
By Annie Leslie.

THE poet, Gibson, while lingering before a fruit Stall is impressed by the vivid, quaint beauty of the place. A faintly flickering lamp casts a glow over the richly polished fruit and lends an air of enchantment to the scene. Every harsh line is subdued by the soft darkness of the night which lends a velvety back-ground for the piles of warmly coloured fruit: tomatoes, glowing like the molten fire hidden deep in the heart of a volcano; oranges flaming softly like an oriental sunset, and apples, green as the immortal vales of Elysium, are piled in a fantastic disarray. Lingering, gazing, the poet responds in every fibre of his being to the appealing, fascinating beauty he sees spread before him. In this beauty he finds more than a gratification of the senses, he finds in his heart "the pleasure which there is in life itself." While thanking God for this wonderful

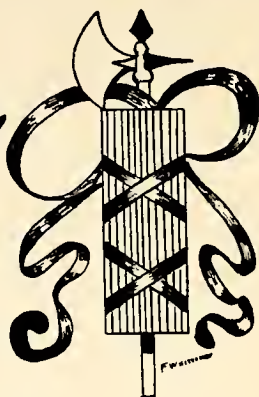
gift of sight he suddenly hears behind him in the darkness the faltering tapping of a blind man's stick.

Gaining inspiration from a source as unusual as it is beautiful, the poet has written a lyric so full of harmony and grace that one unconsciously compares it to the music of old masters. The rhythm carries a spontaneity of passion that leaves one totally unaware of a difficult and involved rhyme-scheme. The appealing simplicity of the theme is increased, rather than otherwise, by the timely alteration and the liquid sound of the words, "golden-green" "divine delight", "lamp-lit" are so carefully used and the thoughts so delicately interwoven that there results a unity and harmony which stimulates both imagination and feeling. The poem is written with a great impassioned power, enhanced by brevity and the abrupt contrast between glowing beauty and perpetual night.





Poetry



FANCY

*Oh, Fancy, worst and best of friends,
What joy thy saving spirit lends,
When overcome and borne down
With care which reason cannot drown;
Thou comest sweet as guiding light.
To weary traveller in the night,
Thy solace spreading like a cloud,
Our present sorrows to enshroud!*

*Oh, would that thou wert unalloyed
And could forever be enjoyed!
But no—thy dross remaineth fixed,
And ever with thy gold is mixed;
Forsooth thy curse is to despoil
The heart—of willingness to toil
And creeping in like rampant weed,
Thou chokest labour's growing seed.*

*And doth thy presence give man wings,
Or is it but a chain it brings,
Which with the years doth grow apace
And keep him ever commonplace;
Beholding, true, much beauty hidden,
But being earthly fruits forbidden,
And worldly victory is bestowed
On those who have most labour showed.*

*Oh, some indeed have made thee pay!
But art and genius too had they,
A latent power within them born,
To subjugate thy flights to form,
Or setting down what thou hast taught,
Provide a market, eager sought,
By which they can all peoples reach
And to them thy sweet lessons teach.*

*And so art thou a blessing mixed
To him on whom thy soul is fixed,
A little joy—but sorrow more.
Thy presence we would fain deplore
Yet cannot wholly—such thy power
We seem more subject every hour
And though thy coming bring but ill
For all thy faults we love thee still.*

R. G. W., 4A.

SOLITUDE

*When winter comes with gloomy skies;
When withered boughs that hold no leaf
Sigh as their souls were full of grief,
And tears drop from their dark gray eyes,
Then would I flee the haunts of men
To feel the moss beneath my feet
And, wandering 'mid the brake and fen,
Hear the primeval pulses beat.
By lofty crags, reared to the sky,
The hidden trails that silent be.
There you find peace; no glaring light
Disturbs the requiem of the night.
Even the east wind, through the trees,
If full of minor harmonies.*

NADINE PATERSON.

THREE POPLAR TREES

*All year I've watched three poplar trees
Whose graceful outlines rise
In silhouette, so tall and clear
'Gainst ever-changing skies.*

*The gentle Spring-time makes them seem
Three mists of golden-green;
And later, all a silvery grey,
They dance in silver rain.*

*The Summer leaves have a glossy sheen,
And when no cooling breeze
Allays the heat, a fairy breath,
Still stirs the poplar trees.*

*Bright Autumn, Nature's alchemist,
Turns the leaves to gleaming gold;
They waft a-down, and the children's feet
Rustle in wealth untold.*

*When fall the late unkindly rains.
O'er all the garnered land,
In sombre black 'gainst sombre grey,
Most dear the poplars stand.*

*When the sun shines bright in the frosty sky,
And the heavens are deepest blue,
Old Winter, with sparkling gems of ice,
Has clothed them all anew.*

*I've seen them bent in the murky night
When the storm-wind's voice was high;
And slender and straight, 'gainst the midnight blue,
Of a star-pierced velvet sky.*

*Whenever my book grows blurred and dim,
To rest my weary eyes,
I fancy three tall poplar trees
'Gainst ever-changing skies.*

JEAN WOODWARK.

GREY NIGHT

*The moon has failed to rise
And flood the tired world
In peaceful light. No clouds
Distinctly blot the sky,
But all that vast unknown
Is washed a mottled grey,
Which harmonizes so
With contemplating moods;
And e're you look for long,
It feels as though your soul
Is filled with some emotion,
Undefined. So vast
A world of emptiness
Possesses wonder, fear,
And mysteries unsolved,
For those who feel its strength.
The greatest sage that lives
Could never hope to tell
In what its power lies.
Endeavouring to learn,
He too, unconsciously,
Is drinking in that wealth,
A gift of higher worlds.
We know this gloom is short,
And yet its influence
Will live for years to come
In souls susceptible
To the mystic power of night.*

C. G., V.

GOD'S CANVAS

*By glist'ning rocks I stood and solely gazed
Over a silver sea by sunbeams kissed,
Which shimmered like a vast and golden mist,
Arched o'er with crimson, rose and amethyst.
And suddenly I saw as one amazed
Rare beauty of a world beyond our ken,
Soft shiftings of the shades and shadows, then
The dusky drifts dropped downwards, deep'ning when
Night fell. The Master Painter's hand was raised.*

LAURA HARGROVE.

BROWN MAGIC

One Day
I strayed afar
Within an Autumn forest,
Among the idle, dropping leaves,
And sturdy moss-grown trunks;
Nor gave a thought
Where turned my errant steps
In that first illusive hush,
Until as evening sent its warning
I came by chance,
Upon a forest pool
Silent, and black, but bordered round
With banks of richest brown
With here and there
A hint of red or gold
From one lone gorgeous maple tree
Among the sober oaks;
And as I gazed
Deep in its mystic depths
I seemed to feel my reason slipping
Just as a hapless bird
Must surely feel
When suddenly it meets
The cold, cruel, fascinating eye
Of some grass-hidden snake,
And so stood I
Without the power of movement
Held by the dark, and murky pupil
Of that great brown eye of Autumn.
'Twas then there fell
A single oaken leaf
Straight down upon its placid surface
And caused a thousand ripples
Dancing and merry
To spread out toward its banks
And break the spell. The pool now held
A joyous, gladsome twinkle,
A wealth of smiles
And underneath it all
A look of utmost kindness
And more that did attract
Not as before.
The thought possessed me then
That Nature is the perfect friend
Sincere, and understanding,
Admired by all,
As one admires a picture,
But really known unto a few
To whom she has revealed
That inner beauty.
And she remains to these
A friend that always is the same
Though they themselves may change
This much I felt,
And joyed to think that I
Was henceforth joined to their number
And knowing, knew that I
Could have no fear
Of age.

R. GLEED WORKMAN, 4A.

O

THE GAME OF LIFE

After the game is over,
And you've either lost or won,
Then comes regret or contentment,
As you gaze on the setting sun.

When the game is over and won,
And the cheers have died away,
With a feeling of satisfaction
You review the events of the day.

If the game be lost however,
Then comes a feeling of pain.
As you think of the things that could be done,
If the game were played again.

And so it is in the game of life,
With its many smiles and tears,
We hope to find as we near the goal,
Surecase from all our fears.

So let us be up and doing,
With work before the fun;
That proud we may be with the game we've played
When the race of life is run.

HAROLD VAN HORNE.

SUCCESS

*I gazed into the future, fancying there
I saw my life as I would have it be;
Honour and power were mine, and wealth unbounded,
I bade, and men obeyed. My spoken name
Was greeted with esteem and deference,
And in my home was all desire suggested,—
Wide vistaed spaces, and small friendly rooms,
Warm golden lights, and cooling dusky shadows,
Rich colour, gleaming jewels, and silken shimmering,
And all the beauty wealth and art could summon,
And I, a child, thought happiness lay here.*

*Again I gazed, and saw a rewritten page,
And standing out against the sober script,
A name emblazoned gold and flaming crimson,—
Mine! Perhaps young life sacrificed
For love and high ideals had stirred men's soul's,
Perhaps in reading an exquisite verse
They had found tears and laughter, and love of living,
For some great reason fame was mine forever;
And, still a child, my happiness seemed here.*

*But soon there came a day when I discovered
That wealth was not the price of everything,
That rich men's souls were often starved and sore,
Already in my ears had praise grown mocking,
Did life hold nothing then but disappointment,
Evasive aims which, with attainment, faded
And crumbled into bitter hopelessness?
Who of my neighbors ever gained success?*

*And then I met a woman in whose eyes
Shone friendly understanding and contentment;
A while ago she failed in what she thought
To be her great life work. To-day she lives
In yonder little house with cheery windows,
A great life 'mid books and flowers and friends,
Dear friends whose numbers mount at every turn;
And wrinkled hands stretch out to bless this fire
That warms and brightens chill old age for them,
And children's faces turn toward her who guides
Their baby steps and soothes away the bruises,
In loving confidence. They said, "A failure!"
What greater gift could one desire from life?*

JEAN WOODWARD, V.

CLOUDS OR SUNSHINE

*A fellow stopped me on the street a couple o' days ago,
And started in relat'ing his awful tale of woe.
The world had gone against him and fate had turned him down,
And left him on the sea of life to either swim or drown.
He didn't have a dollar and he didn't have a job,
But he had as long as I could stay to stand around and sob.
And after I had left him, I felt that feeling too,
For listening to a "hard luck" tale can't help but make you blue.
But while his tear-moist story was still upon my ear,
An old friend came along, I hadn't seen him for a year.
He slapped me on the back and said "Gee, ain't this some swell day,
I hope St. Peter misses me while the world goes on this way.
I've been around these diggin's now for thirty years or more,
And I never saw such weather or prosperity before."
Well, he talked for several minutes and you know when he was through
It had really slipped my mind why it was that I'd been blue.
And now when I recall those two and the ricks that each one had,
How wonderful I think it is to have a heart that's glad.*

ALMIRA BROWN.

THE EXILE

*Where the great Huron joins the broad Ste. Claire,
Where sand dunes face the waves, except for oak
All bare, knarled and twisted by the winds that roam,
He reared his cabin and he called it home.
Doren the long vista lay the trails of men,
The pitfalls and the snares of long ago,
Here there was silence, save for gulls by day,
At night the wailing of the windigo.
Strange shapes would come at night when toil was o'er;
The ghosts of all his vanished past stood clear,
And voices whispered in the dusky oaks,
With no one but himself and conscience near.
There through the years he lived alone and sad;
All by himself he met death face to face;
Loved ones of vanished years would never know
Of joy and friendship there was left no trace.*

NADINE PATERSON.

TO A FRIEND

*Have you ever been in a lonesome mood
 With nobody round but yourself
 And a lot of misty reveries
 Like old cobwebs on a shelf?
 Then your roaming mind will laugh at you
 As you think of the past that is dead,
 And you'll brood on all the mistakes you've made—
 You'll not think of the future instead!*

*'Tis then that you need both laughter and song
 When the voice of a friend is hushed,
 'Tis then you're in front of the Master of Men,—
 You miss the flower that you crushed,
 'Tis then that you need it most of all
 That flower that you threw away—
 But it withered and died in the gutter of Life
 Before your Remorse held sway!*

*Oh I feel to-night more than ever before,
 That I wasted the love that was sent
 By God, to preserve me from terror and strife
 From Despair and cold resentment.
 For I need the touch of a loving hand
 The vision of eyes that are blue,
 With laughter and love from the heart of a friend,
 A friend—who is just like you!*

J. W. JORDAN.

TEACHING SCHOOL.

*"I don't like doing housework,"
 Said little Lucy Brown;
 "I don't like doing dishes,
 Or sweeping cobwebs down.
 I do not like the ironing,
 Or making bread or pie;
 I hate to do the Scribbling,
 And sewing makes me sigh.*

*"But there's one thing I do like
 In weather hot or cool—
 From morning until evening
 I just love teaching school.
 So, early ever morning,
 I take my little broom,
 And teach him how to hurry
 And sweep the sitting-room.*

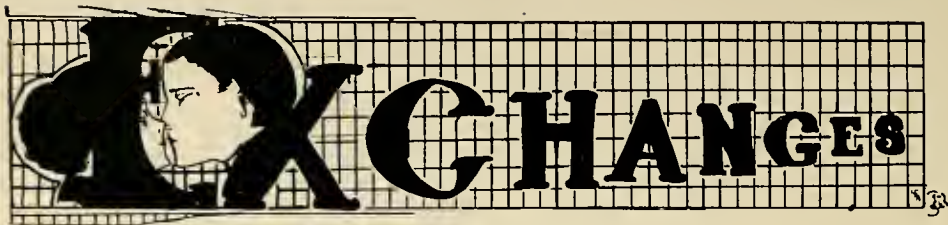
*"And then I teach the duster
 The furniture to clean,
 Till everything is shining
 That room's four walls between.
 Every day I teach the dish-cloth
 To wash the cups and spoons,
 And all the time I study
 I sing the gayest tunes.*

*"I teach my little flat-iron
 To gallop here and there,
 And leave the clothes behind him
 All shining, smooth and fair,
 I teach my little "scrubber"
 To clean the kitchen floor.
 He says his lesson better
 Each day than e'er before.*

*"I teach my little needle
 To hem, to stitch, and run;
 And, oh, he smiles so proudly
 When well the lesson's done!
 At night, when school is over,
 And lessons are all said,
 I teach my feet to carry
 The teacher off to bed."*

BEATRICE HOBBS, 3A COM.





This year the shelves of our exchange contain some of the most interesting contributions which we have ever received. We look forward with anticipation every year to the reading of the exchanges of our old friends and to the new publications which are being continually added to this column.

"Breecia"—Deering High School, Portland, Maine.

A breezy little magazine, small but entertaining. Why not try a few essays? A few more serious articles might improve your paper.

"School News"—Royal Belfast Academical Institution, Ireland.

Your poetry and articles are good. Why not introduce some short stories? Cartoons would brighten your magazine if you cared to use them.

"Review"—St. Andrew's College, Toronto, Ontario.

A well-balanced magazine. Your cuts are fine! We fail to find a snap page but your Exchanges are well worth reading.

"Hermes"—Saskatoon Collegiate Institute, Sask.

Your literature and different school activities are well arranged. Also the cuts are among the best we have seen. Glad you like our magazine.

"Watsonian"—Watson's College, Edinburgh, Scotland.

A "Field Club" is new to us but we like the idea. Advertisements would be better if not mixed with the Literature.

"Acta Victoriana"—Victoria College, Toronto, Ont.

You are hard to criticize! Your literature is excellent and your jokes are different. Why don't you start an Exchange column?

"The Blue"—Christ's Hospital, West Horsham, Sussex, England.

Your school notes are very complete. Do you not think a few poems and short stories would be an improvement?

"Specula Galtonia"—Galt Collegiate, Galt, Ontario.

We are pleased to read of your new Collegiate and wish you every success. The news from different farms is interesting but you need more short stories.

"Purple and Gold"—Newmarket High School, Ontario.

Your jokes and editorials are good! Why not try a few more poems and short stories?

"Review"—Trinity University, Toronto, Ontario.

An excellent monthly—one of the best! The contributed material is excellent but where are your jokes?

"The Fettesian"—Fettes College, Edinburgh, Scotland.

The sport accounts in your magazine are excellent but you lack contributed material. Try some short stories and a joke column.

"Schola Regia"—Royal High School, Edinburgh, Scotland.

One of the cleverest magazines sent in! Your editorials and articles are fine! Why not a few cartoons? The Camera Club's contributions are excellent. Come again!

"Canturian"—King's School, Canterbury, England.

Your athletic accounts are very complete. Short stories and essays are invaluable to a magazine; why so few of them?

"Oracle"—Oakwood Collegiate, Toronto, Ontario.

One of the best magazines on our Exchange shelf! Your material is very interesting and the cuts are splendid.

"Magazine of Bishop's College School"—Lennoxville, Quebec.

Your school notes are excellent. Why so few short stories and essays? Your cartoons and jokes are fine.

"Acadia Athenaeum"—Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S.

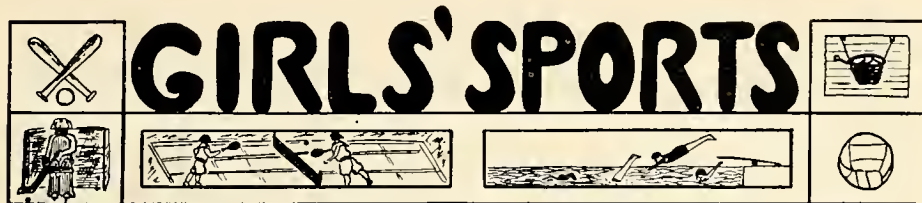
One of the best magazines! Your literature is excellent but how about a few more cuts and cartoons?

"Northerner"—Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

A very good monthly. Where is your index? Your literature is fine! Cuts always add interest; why not try some?

"Varsity News"—University of Detroit, Detroit, Michigan.

Glad to get your magazine! "Varsity News" is the only weekly we have received. You are newsy and interesting. An all-round good publication.



This year also the girls with athletic ability have taken a prominent part in school life. Early in the fall the Girl's Athletic Association was formed, and under its nominal supervision most of the activities among the girls have been carried on. Field Day, Hockey, Swimming and Basket Ball have claimed a great deal of attention and we hope for some interesting sport in the line of baseball, when its season opens.

BASKETBALL

As usual, basket ball is participated in by more girls than any other sport. In each of the eighteen rooms in the school there is material for at least one team, so that when an exhibition game is to be played there are any number of girls not only anxious to play, but also capable of playing creditably.

Miss Burriss, our new coach, has been very faithful in training the picked teams which practise every week.

Inter-Form Basket Ball

A schedule was drafted for the forms, and this was completed, one game a week, by the end of February. Everyone showed an interest in the games and a crowd of "rooters" was present at each one. In the race for the Senior Pennant, 3A Collegiate, by the close decision of a 24-23 score, won from 5th form in the final round. 1A Commercial won the honour of holding the Junior Pennant by defeating the other nine junior rooms.

The Team

A team representing the S. C. I. & T. S. was entered in the W. O. S. S. A. Basket Ball series. However, the schedule was not drawn up very early, and while waiting for it, several exhibition games were arranged.

The personnel of the team is as follows: Capt. Mary Flesher, Ruth Kirkpatrick, Helen Fraser, Helen

Donald, Lorene Warwick, Mary Watson, Nellie Gordon, Florence Laughner, Sylvia Mannenin.

These girls were ably supported at practices by Helen Campbell, Florence Smith, Irene Fawcett, Jennie Wise, Dorothy McKellar, Mary Simpson, Dorothy McIntyre, Frances Dennis, Jean Needham, Bernice Simpson, Edna Cobban.

Wallaceburg—Sarnia

Home and home games were played with Wallaceburg High School girls early in the basket ball season. Although the S. C. I. & T. S. team had been practising for only a short time it succeeded in obtaining a 45 point lead on the round. Wallaceburg seems to be gaining a reputation in our school for its hospitality, and it has been rumoured that the Sarnia girls had such a good time that they would enjoy playing there again in the future.

Port Huron—Sarnia.

The loyalty of the student bodies of High Schools to their teams was shown in the crowds of rooters which accompanied both the Port Huron team when it came to Sarnia and the Sarnia team when it went to Port Huron for the annual contest for "International" honours. For some reason though, certainly not lack of support from the side lines, Port Huron emerged from the round at the small end of a 13-65 score.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

MARY WATSON, HELEN FRASER, FLORENCE LAUGHER, LORINE WARWICK, RUTH KIRKPATRICK, SYLVIA MANNINEN, NELLIE GORDON, HELEN DONALD, MARY FLESHER (Captain), Miss BURRIS (Coach).

Watford—Sarnia.

Everyone who did not see the Sarnia girls in action on the slippery dance floor of the Watford Armories missed an excellent proof of how very graceful they really are. Unlike their acting in the dress rehearsals at home they glided about with a look of terror on their faces and an intense feeling of uncertainty in the lower extremities. We must not discount the emotions of the Watford girls, however, as they must have felt much the same way, since, in that game and the one played later in our own gymnasium they couldn't keep the S. C. I. & T. S. team from obtaining a lead of 38 points.

Memphis—Sarnia.

One evening in the spring the Sarnia team arrived at the school expecting to play with some opponents whom they had met before. Imagine their consternation when they encountered some strange young ladies, a few of whom seemed to have descended from the race of giants, dressed in flaming colours and wearing the accoutrements of a rugby team. Surprise must have held the Sarnia girls for some time and soon the visitors had acquired quite a lead. In the second half of the game it was lessened, but by

only one point; so that our Memphis friends returned home, having the signal honour of being the only team to defeat the S. C. I. & T. S. girls. The score was 18-8.

Strathroy—Sarnia.

The only Wossa game the Sarnia girls have played to date was that with the Strathroy C. I. in their gymnasium. Both teams were anxious to win in order to represent this district and the game was interesting throughout. Owing to the unfortunate illness of some of the Strathroy girls the return game was postponed several times. Finally, although our girls were sorry to miss the game, the Wossa authorities decided that we must accept their offered default so that the schedule might go on. Even if the return game had been played it is probable that Sarnia would have finished victorious as only some unlooked for event could have overcome the lead of 34 points won in Strathroy.

In each place the girls have visited they have been very well received and they would like to express here their appreciation of the kind hospitality offered them by all their hostesses.

SWIMMING



GIRLS' LIFE-SAVING TEAM

BACK ROW—HELEN FRASER, IRENE FAWCETT, CATHERINE MCBURNEY, MISS SCARROW (Coach), GWENDOLYN MCKAY, FRANCES GRACE, MARY WATSON.

FRONT ROW—EDNA COBBAN, MARIAN HENDERSON, FLORENCE LAUGHER.

The girls have taken a more active interest in swimming this year than last. Every Tuesday and Thursday after four, one may go into the pool and find many girls; some learning to swim, others improving their strokes, or diving. The aquatic meet in January showed of what good girl swimmers the S. C. I. can boast, and it helped greatly in creating in many others a wish to learn to swim.

Life-Saving

Miss Scarrow gave a good deal of her time in the winter weather, instructing 10 girls in the art of life-saving. This was entirely new

to everyone, nothing of the kind ever having been attempted here before. However the girls, who could all swim before, had little difficulty in mastering the new work, and succeeded in passing the examination for the bronze medalion of the Royal Life-Saving Society of England.

Some of those successful in getting the Bronze Medallion are preparing to try for the Silver Medal and from all appearances they should have little trouble in obtaining it.

Much credit is due to Miss Scarrow for her careful teaching and the girls are very grateful to her for spending so much time with them.

HOCKEY

For the first time in years the girls of the S.C.I. & T.S. have played hockey under the supervision of one

of the teachers. Miss Burriss arranged with the rink management to have practices there every week.



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

LILLIAN WHEATLEY, OLIVE McGRATH, NELLIE GORDON, MISS BURRISS (Coach), SYLVIA MANNINEN, MURIEL TESKEY, FLORENCE LAUGHER, EDNA COBBAN (Captain).

FRONT ROW—OLIVE WARWICK, MARGARET REID, HELEN FRASER, JENNY WISE, FRANCES DENNIS, PEARL ALEXANDER, EVELYN JOHNSON.

The girls were greatly interested and about forty girls shared in the fun. Although the object was not to form a school team to play outside games, yet before the season was over two games had been staged. The girls appreciated very much the interest shown by the Business Men of Sarnia in the "Boosters" game, captained by His Worship Mayor George Andrews.

Sarnia C. I. vs. Business Girls.

The students had their first chance to see what the girls' hockey team could do, when a game with the Sarnia Business Girls was staged at St. Andrew's Arena on Monday, March 10. The game resulted in a 1-1 tie, the score indicating what a close contest it was.

The Business Girls had a margin on the S.C.I. in weight, but for the most part the play was even. During the first period neither team

scored, both forward lines rushing well but shattering on the defence. In the second period Muriel Loudon put the Imperials ahead but Edna Cobban tied the counter on a combination pass. During the third period the play was open and both forward lines were sweeping down the ice on combination and individual rushes, which did not result in further scores, however. There was no overtime played.

The teams were:

S. B. Girls—Goal, Tillie Kerwin; defence, Mae Prudence, Agnes Dinneil; centre, Frances Grace; wings, Muriel Loudon, Thelma Knowles; subs, Marg. Clark, Kathleen Hitchcock, Helen McLaren.

Sarnia C. I.—Goal, Miss Burriess; defence, Sylvia Manninen, Helen Fraser; centre, Jennie Wise; wings, Pearl Alexander, Edna Cobban; subs, Muriel Teskey, Frances Dennis, Evelyn Johnson, Marg. Reid.

Referee—O. N. Wilson.

FIELD DAY

Our Field Day of last fall was unusual in more ways than one. To begin with, the weather was ideal and hence a large turn out, both of contestants and onlookers. For the first time in years accurate records of the very keenly contested program of sports were kept. The number of girls competing was enlarged by dividing them into three groups so that many more than usual felt justified in entering. In neither the boys' nor girls' events were there any outstanding stars but there was real competition in every race. The girls' events were novel, most of the old jumps and hurdles being eliminated from the program in favour of items conducive to merriment.

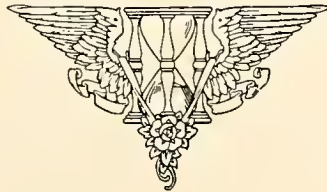
A baseball game between the Collegiate and Commercial girls was of great interest to everyone and resulted in a decided victory for the former. The Petrolea High School Rugby team helped in the sports program by staging a game with the second team of our school and defeated it by a large score.

The mixed relay race and the girls' relay race were both won by the fifth form students.

Irene Fawcett won the Senior Girls' Championship with a total of nine points. The Intermediate Champion was Florence Laughner with eight points, and Jennie Wise carried off Junior honours with ten points.

Eddie Robinson and Art Brown tied for the Boy's Senior Championship with 10 points and Art Brown won the deciding contest. With fourteen points Eric McKenzie was entitled to Intermediate honours, while Kenneth Fraser headed the list of Juniors with 16 points. A new class called the "Midgets" was formed and Lyle McKay was successful in winning its Championship with 6 points.

The officials handled the events in the most capable manner. Those of the morning were held on the campus while those of the afternoon were run off at the fair grounds. Everyone declared that it had been a most successful day in every way.





THE ranks of the Alumni were considerably swelled this year by the graduation of many of our students, prominent both in sports and academics. Although the loss of their influence is keenly felt in our activities, we extend to them our heartiest wishes for success in the new work which they have taken up. Last year's graduating class was one of the largest that has ever been witnessed in the school. The majority of these students are continuing their studies at College.

ALUMNI, 1923

Miss Oakes is a member of the staff of the London South Collegiate.

Mr. Wilson is now teaching at the Brantford High School.

Mr. Ashdown is at the Wardsville Collegiate.

Chas. Brown, Eddie Hanna and Buzz Hayes are at McGill University.

Winnifred Bell and Verna Kirkpatrick are attending Macdonald Hall.

Kathleen Clark, Marion Stirrett and Jean Conn are studying at Toronto University.

Ann Arbor claimed several of our students including, Orv. Johnson, Hib. Corey, M. Brush, Norman Taylor, Stewart Bulman and Johnson Kirby.

Hazel Elnor, Helen Wilson and Annie Brown are at London Normal.

Leila Fraser is attending Western State Normal College, Ypsilanti.

Wilbert Carter is going to Port Huron Junior College.

Dorothy Reid left school shortly after the opening of the fall term for a trip to California.

Chas. Woodrow is working in Weir's Law Office.

Mildred Lucas is attending the Sarnia Business College.

Geoffrey Brydon is at McCandless' Drug Store.

Cliff Carter is now associated with the Carter Decorating Co.

Tom Elliot is at the Bank of Toronto.

Grace Bradley has a position in an office in Port Huron.

Don McKay is attending Ridley College.

Chas. Parks is in business with his father.

Jack Richardson is in training at Wolseley Barracks, London.

Win. Crawford is at Toronto Normal.

Western University claimed Marion Laschinger, Dutch Simpson, Ted Cook and Ted Kinsman.

Rhoda Bolton is now living in Petrolia, and is attending High School there.

Vera Burns has taken a position in Detroit.

Stan Manore is at Woodstock College.

Cecil Spears is working at the Laidlaw Lumber Co.

Ed. Barclay is at Mueller's.

Jane Olds is attending school in Boston.

Bessie Grace has a position with the Parfett Motor Co. in Port Huron.

Harry Randolph is working in Detroit.

Betty Willson is at Branksome Hall, Toronto.

Dorothy Flynn is working in Port Huron.

Willa Garroch is working in South Park.

Lorn Sproule and Ab. Sole are at Bell's and Ingersoll's Drug Stores respectively.

Fred Simpson is at Mueller's, Port Huron.

Lillian Hitchcock is working in Detroit.

Nellie Laurie is a stenographer at Mueller's.

Anna Finnegan is a stenographer for the firm of LeBel, Gray and Donahue.

Aileen Boucher has a position in Port Huron.

Kathleen Hitchcock is in the "Imperial" office.

Glen Elford is teaching music.

Thelma Cameron is working at Mill's Bros.

Edgar McDonald is in McGibbon's Drug Store.

Carabelle Moore is working at Hudson's in Detroit.

Marguerite Hull is now residing in Hamilton.

Lyle Tremells is a student at Queen's University this year.

Lois Haines is a stenographer at the Laidlaw Lumber Co.

Vera Smith, Rhea Walker and Ted Doyle are attending the Sarnia Business College.

Elmer Thompson is working in Liggett's Drug Store.

Harold Cameron is working in Port Huron.

Ted Herchmer is attending school at Little Rock.

Fran McGrath is at the Imperial Oil Co.

Jim Palmer is working with his father this year.

Gladys Cooper is at London Normal.

Charles Garvie is at Woodstock College.

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Miss Storey is at the Humberside Collegiate Institute.

Mr. Graham is principal of the London South Collegiate.

Lester Wemple is at Western University.

Bob McBurney and Bob Wilkinson are attending Ridley College.

Rose Simpson is in training at the Buffalo City Hospital.

Keith Watson is at Victoria College.

Frieda Taylor is teaching school at Corunna.

Helen Saurwein is with the T. Kenny & Co.

Florence Buckindail is teaching in South Park.

Teresa Tobin has accepted a position in Detroit.

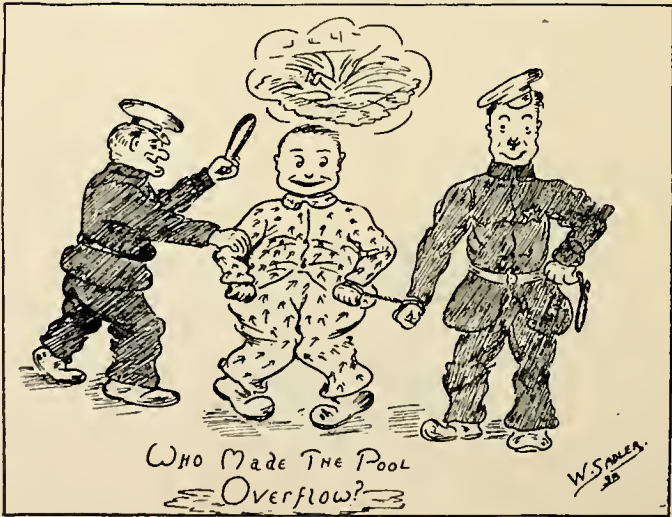
Evelyn Burge is married and is residing in Washington.

Florence Chong is continuing her studies at Ann Arbor.

Anna Mitton is taking a Commercial Course at school this year.

Bernice Knowles is at Toronto University.







Once more the school has come through a year of strenuous and varied sport in the old traditional manner. Everywhere the spirit of clean sportsmanship has prevailed and even in defeat the high name of the school has suffered nothing from its guardians of the past year.

Our efforts in this direction though not crowned with the phenomenal success of other years have brought nothing of discredit upon the school, and our athletes, inexperienced though many of them were, have still managed to give the stellar exhibitions of team work and individual excellency which have made the school famous throughout the country.

In the course of this, the second year, in our splendid new school, we have come to appreciate more fully the excellent equipment for sports of all kinds which has been provided for us. It is due to this that such unprecedented interest has been taken in the indoor activities. As yet the campus has not received the attention which the Board is meditating but we are assured that within the next few years we will see it provided with every facility for track and field sports.

In conclusion we cannot omit mention of the work of the basketball and hockey teams in particular. Hockey as usual was very poorly supported but the team managed to establish a precedent by going through to the finals and without a loss until they played Woodstock. It is well known that in this final game they were practically playing out of their class.

Considering basketball it is owing to the splendid attendance at the home games that the management has been enabled to considerably lower the former price of admission but even without this, the reputation which the team has made for itself would be sufficient to draw larger crowds than have attended the games of other years.

RUGBY

Rugby this year as in the past was the major sport of the school, and although the team was not as successful as in the past three years it nevertheless made a most creditable showing in the Interscholastic race. At the first of the year it was soon seen that an entirely new team would have to be moulded from raw material as practically all of last

year's team had graduated, and another disappointment was added to this when it was learned that Jack Newton would be unable to coach the team this year. However, taking the regulars of last year as nucleus a very formidable team was formed.

Long before the time of the Old Boys' game, Captain Eddie Robin-

son had the team fairly well drilled in team play. Consequently it gave the Old Boys one of the hard-games in the history of the school excepting that memorable defeat of the Old Boy's in 1921.

Arrangement of the Schedule

Again the team had difficulty in arranging exhibition games before the O. R. F. U. schedule opened in the latter part of October; as a result the team was without a game for about six weeks in the early part of the fall.

Old Boys 2—S. C. I. 1

As usual the initial rugby game of the year was with the Old Boys. The Collegiate material, up to this time, was of unknown quality to the rugby enthusiasts in the city. The only means by which the fans were able to judge the Collegiate team, was by the reliable Observer, and even this chronicle of news seemed uncertain of the information which it conveyed to the minds of our worthy citizens. The nightly information would be about the discovery of some back-field flash or the performance of some husky brute of a line plunger. Disregarding all criticism as an inevitable accompaniment of every budding rugby team, the players practised hard and earnestly to merit their places on the first or second team. All praise should be given to the new players, who were certainly uncereemoniously initiated. The players, both the inexperienced and the wise knew that in a few weeks they would play their first game against veterans who knew their style of play. The Old Boys had enough material on hand for four teams, and the Collegiate team looked like the Argonauts. Nevertheless, the collegiate team had made enough impression to attract a large crowd of spectators at the Athletic park on the fatal day. Jack Richardson, manager of the Old Boys trotted out his squad and held a short signal practice. The collegiate team then appeared on the scene and

took their turn in calling out those mystic numbers. When both teams lined up at the sound of the whistle, it was evident that the collegiate team were much outweighed by the Old Boys. As neither team had a smooth-working back-field, line-bucking was the order of the day. After a few plays it could be easily seen that the game would be close. Millman was bucked for a gain of five yards, which was immediately followed by another buck which netted ten more. The Old Boys tightened and forced the collegians to kick, Jennings fumbled and the collegiate recovered. The school team lost the ball, by not gaining yards, and Cook booted the ball to Carter who ran it back twenty yards. In the second period the Old Boys held the collegiate at their three yard line. When the next play was called the Old Boys broke up the play and caught Robinson behind the line. This period ended 2—0 in favor of the Old Boys, with the Collegiate team working their heads off to do the seemingly impossible against their opponents. In the third period the Collegiate were always on the aggressive; repeated line plunges by Millman, and back-field bucks by VanHorne and Robinson were good for yards almost every time. Millman made his first forty yard dash, which was immediately followed by a similar one by Hand. The play serged until the Collegians were in possession twenty yards from their opponents touch line. Carter kicked and the Old Boy back was downed before he could save. This concluded the third period. In the fourth period the weight of the Old Boys was starting to have effect on the lighter Collegian line. Parks broke loose for a fifty yard gain, and by repeatedly bucking the Old Boys brought the ball up to the Collegians' two yard line. The Old Boys bucked the ball across the line but the whistle had blown and the game ended 2—1 in favour of the Old Boys. It was an interesting game and showed the fans that the



SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

BACK ROW—MR. D. A. CAMPBELL, LLOYD HALLAM, VENNER COUSE, CLEMENT WHITE, FRANK BURWELL, WILFRED HAND, HOWARD CARTER, ROY BROWN, KENNETH ROBINSON, MR. KEEBER (Coach).

MIDDLE ROW—ARTHUR, BROWN, LOGAN MILLMAN, HAROLD VAN HORNE, EDWARD ROBINSON (Captain), HAROLD MAITLAND, CHARLES LEBEL, GLEED WORKMAN.

FRONT ROW—THOMAS NEWLANDS, EDWARD KENNEDY, ST. CLAIRE PARSONS, STANLEY CROMPTON.

Collegiate rugby team was strong enough to put itself well up in the interscholastic race.

Sarnia Intermediates 20—S. C. I. 5

The week following the Old Boys' game began with practices which were so characteristic of the first part of the year. With no game in view the team showed signs of mechanical practice. However it seemed that the team had secured the interest of Jack Newton, for he suggested a practice game between his intermediates and the school team. The game was arranged for the following Saturday, when some of the intermediates would be in Chicago with the lacrosse team. The news of the game stimulated the players to greater effort and Saturday saw the Collegiate team ready for the contest, although some of the players were not yet over the effect of the Old Boys' game. Carter kicked off to McPhedran who made five yards before he was downed. The collegiate held, forcing the intermediates to kick. Robinson received but was downed at his twenty-five yard line. The

Collegiate bucked for yards twice, only to be forced to kick at centre field. The intermediates bucked the ball successfully until they reached the Collegiate twenty yard line, when they worked a perfect end run which resulted in a touch for the intermediates. It was quite evident that the Collegiate team were feeling the effects of the strenuous bucking staged by their heavier opponents. The intermediates secured another touch before the end of the first period, making the score 10—0 in favor of the intermediates.

In the second period the Collegiate team seemed tightening the play, which resulted in closer competition at the end of the period. The period was marked by sallies of the intermediate plungers as well as a few staged by the students. During half time Newton complimented Robinson on the splendid showing of the team, who he thought were playing excellent rugby considering that their opponents were heavier and more experienced.

The third period showed the Col-

legiate at their best. By repeatedly bucking and using Queens' plays, instilled into the team by Richardson and Garvey, they gained yards on almost every down. This change in their favour prodded the students to their utmost; having brought the ball to the intermediate five yard line, LeBel bucked Workman for the Collegiate's first touch. In the last period the intermediates found it easy to penetrate the lighter Collegiate line and they made many sweeping end runs which resulted in their obtaining two more touches which brought the score to 20-5. The game was fast and clean throughout.

Referee—Jennings.

S. C. I. 6—St. Thomas 8.

The first game of the O.R.F.U. schedule was played in St. Thomas on Nov. 5, St. Thomas having won their district by defeating London. There was a large crowd on hand to see two ancient school gridiron enemies do battle. Reports that the Sarnia team was greatly weakened through the loss of its stars of other years were disproved soon after the game began.

Both lines showed to better advantage on the attack than they did on the defensive, but at the punting game Sarnia had the edge. At the beginning of the game Sarnia plunged for yards seven times in succession before they lost the ball on a fumble about two inches from the St. Thomas line. Twice the Sarnians fumbled the ball right on the threshold of a touchdown.

Ball carriers were subject to some fierce tackling by both teams.

The wing lines were smothering the halves with more success and the Sarnians found more work than ever in hauling down Farmer Wilkinson, their most aggressive line plunger.

St. Thomas took the lead in the first quarter when they booted for a point. In the second quarter they added another point and in the third quarter, Lang, the shifty little quarter of the opposing team, sent the

chances of the home team skyrocketing when he squirmed over the line for a touchdown which was converted, leaving Sarnia on the low end of the score 8-0.

In the final chapter the Sarnia team switched to a kicking attack and with some hard tackling commenced backing up the Saints. Sarnia brought down the lead to a more hopeful looking score when Kennedy bucked the ball behind the St. Thomas line for a touch which was converted.

Sarnia's chances of overcoming the two point lead in the return game looked bright in the eyes of the Sarnia spectators.

St. Thomas 2—Sarnia 17.

The following Saturday the return game was played in Sarnia. The weatherman must have had a grudge against both teams for they met on a gridiron where rubber boots would have been more appropriate than cleated shoes.

The game was late in getting under way, the St. Thomas team being delayed. Sarnia soon overcame the two point lead in the first quarter. In the last two periods the local machine's sledge hammer attack began to tell and coupled with some line kicking by Carter, crumpled the St. Thomas defence and paved the way for Sarnia's two touchdowns.

Captain Lang took the wind which was blowing a gale down the field and Sarnia kicked off. Sarnia broke into the limelight when Eddie Robinson carried the ball into the St. Thomas territory being downed twenty-five yards out. St. Thomas stiffened and Sarnia was forced to kick, Vaughan muffing the ball behind the line and Kennedy fell on it for a touchdown which was not converted. St. Thomas used the wind during the quarter and despite some nice running by Kennedy and Robinson, booted for two points, hauling down the margin to one point on the round.

In the second period with the wind in their favour Sarnia backed the ball instead of kicking for

points. St. Thomas presented a stubborn defence and managed to inject a few telling thrusts of their own before the half-time whistle blew with no score during the fifteen minutes Sarnia plunged for yards often but lost the ball several times. Sarnia kicked one over the St. Thomas line but the ball was run out of danger.

In the third period St. Thomas resorted to a kicking game again, having the wind in their favor. The play shifted back and forth in centre field until Millman scrambled through centre for a forty yard plunge. Sarnia kicked an onside on the last down, Eddie Robinson going through the centre of the line to recover the ball and scramble over for a touchdown. This was not converted.

Sarnia had things pretty well their own way in the last period. The St. Thomas team fumbled but the visitors held and forced Sarnia to kick for a point. Near the last of the game Sarnia rallied and carried the ball into St. Thomas territory. Eddie Robinson made a spectacular 30 yard dash through the line for a touchdown. Carter booted the ball over the bars for Sarnia's last point.

Hamilton 4—Sarnia 2.

The S. C. I. win over St. Thomas entitled them to enter the second round of the semi-finals and on Saturday, Nov. 24, they met Hamilton C. I. on the latter's gridiron. The field was very slippery as it had a thin coating of clay over it. Hamilton kicked off and secured the ball on Sarnia's 25 yard line. The Ham's were thrown for a loss on three downs. Carter kicked to Wright who fumbled, Newlands recovering for Sarnia on Hamilton's 10 yard line. Carter kicked to Hunter on the third down for the first point. Wright made a brilliant run around the end for a 15 yard gain. Sarnia stiffened, forcing Hamilton to kick on the third down. Carter kicked a high one going down to catch his own kick.

Hamilton fumbled, Sarnia recovering. Morris made a sensational run of 40 yards before he was downed. Hunter kicked a beautiful field-goal for Hamilton and by doing so he put Sarnia on the wrong side of the scoring column. Hunter made a 20 yard run but on the third down Hamilton kicked, recovering on Sarnia's 40 yard line. Several times Sarnia was within ten yards of the Hamilton line on the first down but failed to do the necessary thing to gain points. At the plunging game Sarnia had the edge making yards several times while Hamilton was forced to kick.

In the second period the Sarnia line held their opponents down to even smaller gains than in the first half. Sarnia adopted a kicking game at which they more than held their own with Hamilton. Carter kicked to Scott, who was downed by the Sarnia tacklers behind the line, netting Sarnia one point. The Sarnians rallied in the last period, but Hamilton forced them to rouge making the score 4-2. The plunging of Brown and Millman and the running of Robinson were features of the game.

Sarnia 6—Hamilton 11.

With a two point lead the Hamilton Team came to Sarnia full of confidence, to play the return game on the following Saturday.

When Eddie Robinson, captain of the Sarnia team, was carried off the field in the first five minutes of play the mainspring of the Sarnia Collegiate rugby machine was removed, and thus handicapped, the student gridders, who were defeated on their home lot by Hamilton 11 to 6, were eliminated from the interscholastic race on the round 15 to 8.

After the forced removal of Eddie Robinson the team played in a sort of a daze for the rest of the quarter and although they fought back valiantly during the remainder of the affray the early handicap was too heavy to overcome.

In the plunging department there

was no comparison in the performances of the two twelves. Sarnia held the edge by a big margin. Time after time they made yards through the heavier line only to lose the advantages thus gained by a fumble or muffed pass.

The Hamilton pigskin chasers turned in a performance that, while not sensational was marked by good judgment in the use of plays and instant seizure of every opportunity offered by the misplays or errors of commission on the part of their opponents.

After the opening kick off by Carter, Hamilton failed to make yards on two bucks and kicked. Two assaults gave Sarnia yards and Brown and Kennedy hit the line for yards for the second successive time. Hamilton bucked down and stopped the next bucks and Carter punted. Running back a subsequent kick Eddie Robinson had his ankle twisted in tackle and was forced out of the affray. Brown was substituting for Robinson. A fumbled ball behind the line gave Hamilton their first touch down. Stamp converted bringing Hamilton's total to 6. Three more points were added a few minutes later

when Hunter hoisted a perfect drop from Sarnia's 40 yard line.

Sarnia made yards through the line several times before half time but Hunter added another point on a long kick to the dead line. An attempted drop kick by Hunter rolled to the deadline in the third quarter and the Hamilton score became 11. In the final chapter the blue and whites opened a determined offensive. Millman tore through for 25 yards bringing the ball up to Hamilton's 10 yard line. Another plunge brought it up to the visitor's three yard line and on the next scrimmage Kennedy squirmed over the line for a touchdown and Carter toed the oval between the bars for a perfect convert giving Sarnia 6. Fighting with grim determination after this success Sarnia tried nearly every trick in their repertoire, including the onside kick, but they couldn't get the pigskin within reaching distance of the Hamilton goal again, and when the final whistle sounded Hamilton had recovered the oval on a fumble and after two bucks failing to gain the required yardage, kicked and Brown received. About 1000 fans witnessed the encounter.

THE SECOND TEAM

There is one organization connected with the sporting activities of our school which never receives credit for its splendid work. Let it be understood that the second team has no easy task in bucking against the firsts every night. The majority of the 1923 team served their apprenticeship with the second team. Last year our second team did not achieve great prominence because many of its players were drafted to fill with the firsts. Next year we shall have a strong second team which will give any junior team a stiff argument. Early in the season Bruce Maitland was elected Captain and Jim Armstrong manager of the seconds.

Petrolia 31—Sarnia 2.

The S. C. I. Second Rugby Team played their first game of the season with Petrolia at Bayview Park. The Seconds had just participated in the field-day events and were more or less fatigued when the game started. The whistle blew at 4 o'clock and the superiority of the Petrolia Team was soon shown. The lighter and inexperienced Sarnians could not stand against the crushing attacks of the whole Hard Oil Team. While the kicking of Hallam and VanHorne was good it did not measure up to that of Hyatt's. Churchill and Hyatt excelled both in the offensive and defensive. Burwell was the neatest tackler for Sarnia, and hopes ran



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

JIM ARMSTRONG, ROSS NICKOL, LORNE ROBINSON, CECIL BANWELL, WILLIAM SOUTHERN, JIM WALSH, ISAAC LAMPEL, FRED ASHBY.
 FRONT ROW—LESLIE EWENER, EDGAR KELLAM, WALTER CALLAM, BRUCE MAITLAND (Captain), TED TESKEY, JACK HOLTON, GORDON MATTINGLY.

high in the second period, when he caught a perfect onside from Holton, but he tripped a few yards from the line. The Sarnia line made Petrolia fight for every yard they gained. The weight and experience of a few more seasons will do wonders with the seconds, as they now have the fundamentals that make a good rugby team.

Chatham Juniors 19—S. C. I. II 0

The Seconds met the Chatham Juniors after two weeks' strenuous practising with the first team. The game was scheduled for one-thirty at the Athletic Park, as the visitors had to return home on the four o'clock train. The Seconds showed the benefit of their practices in the first half of the game, holding the husky Chatham boys from scoring. The last half proved fatal for the Seconds, as the visitors gained yards with ease. The tackling of Callum and Walsh was deadly, but their efforts were of no avail. Burleigh, the plucky little quarter-back, was injured at Chatham, but played

in the return game. It was a clean game and good sportsmanship was displayed by both teams. The Chatham team looks to be very promising in future years with McCallum and Jones on the line-up.

Chatham 31—Sarnia 10.

On Saturday Nov. 10, the Seconds motored to Chatham to play a game in that city, and were defeated 31-10. It was a very weakened team which took the trip, as both middle wings were unable to go and only three light substitutes were in readiness. The game commenced about 3.30, being witnessed by a very small crowd.

The Seconds scored the first touchdown when one of the Chatham halves fumbled behind the line, Mattingley recovering. Walsh failed to convert. Before the period ended Chatham scored two touchdowns. Superior weight combined with speed spelled Sarnia's defeat. Sarnia's second score came in the last period when Walsh took an onside kick and ran fifteen yards

for a touchdown. Although the whole second team worked well, the brilliant playing of Callum, Walsh, Burleigh and Southern was the fea-

ture of the game. Jones and Johnson, Chatham halves, were the stars of the winners, scoring most of Chatham's points.

HOCKEY

A meeting of all hockey enthusiasts was held in the library on Dec. 8th. The large attendance at this assembly practically assured the team of strong support from the students. With the unanimous vote of all those present, Charles F. LeBel was elected to lead the team for the season, with Arthur P. Brown for manager. The meeting looked with disfavor upon the city league and they decided unanimously not to place a team in that series but to confine their efforts wholly to the winning of the Wossa trophy. The schedule was drawn up, Sarnia being grouped with Petrolia, Forest and Watford.

Petrolia's hope of winning the "Wossa" hockey series was shattered when the 1924 Collegiate team defeated them in Sarnia, and carrying to the oil town a nine point lead.

This being the first game of the season, showed both teams their lack of practice as plainly as it can be shown. Had the S. C. I. six played the game their class warrants, the lead would have been increased by several goals.

After five minutes of play Bill Oldham put the Sarnians in the lead when he beat Donald on a shot outside the defence. From then on the Collegiate forwards scored four in a row and had the greater part of the play in this period. In the second chapter Petrolia played better hockey and staved off the Sarnia attacks, while Willson scored their only counter.

The final period increased the Sarnians' lead, when Macklin outguessed the Petrolia defence and beat the High School's goalie on four impossible stops.

Capt. Boges was about the neatest player Petrolia possessed, but was given little support by his team

mates. Macklin, Robinson and Oldham played their usual good games and were particularly in the limelight for Sarnia.

Ken. "Shiuny" Harris refereed the contest, in a capable manner and kept the play clean and fast throughout.

S. C. I.—Goal, Southern; defence, Oldham, A. Brown; wings, Harkins, LeBel; centre, Macklin; subs. Teskey, Robinson, Heal.

Petrolia H. S.—Goal, Donald; defence, Boges, Churchill; wings, Willson, Thompson; subs, Lindsay, Bryant, O'Dell.

S. C. I. 5—Petrolia 2.

The return game was played in Petrolia the following week and the S. C. I. added three goals to their nine point lead by defeating Petrolia on their own ice 5-2.

The Petrolia "Arena" proved a great handicap to the Sarnia team as it was an open air structure. Team play was almost impossible on the small ice surface, both teams using individual efforts. Play was fast and somewhat furious, as Petrolia relied on body checking their lighter opponents. They succeeded in holding the Collegiate at first, but found the task a little too difficult as play progressed.

H. Maitland played a great defensive game and exchanged bumps with Petrolia as often as they came within striking distance. Doug. Macklin was a little strange during the early stages of the game, as he was just recovering from a severe cold, but as the play progressed he became more effective and his rushes were always dangerous. Boges and Churchill were in their glory on the small ice, and each succeeded in scoring for the home team.

In the final period the Sarnia for-

wards out-witted the tired Petrolia six and brought the total number of goals to 14 on the round. P. H. S. used their subs to a good advantage and never gave up trying until the final bell.

S. C. I.—Goal, Southern; defence, H. Maitland, Oldham; wings, Le-Bel, Harkins; centre, Macklin; subs, Teskey, Couse.

P. H. S.—Goal, Hyatt; defence, Boges, Churchill; wings, Willson, Bryant; centre, Tanton; subs, Lindsay, Thompson, O'Dell.

Sarnia 4.—Forest 1.

After defeating Petrolia, Sarnia was ordered to meet Forest in the semi-finals of the W. O. S. S. A. Hockey. The first game was played in Sarnia. Forest can thank Burke, in the nets for holding Sarnia to three counters.

Forest was never in the hunt so far as winning the game went. The blue and white forward line back-checked the whole Forest team into the ice, and the defence only came to life at times to liven things up with a rush to the net and a shot to let Burke show the crowd his class. Forest could not get the puck past center ice, their offensive being confined mainly to lone rushes by Doolittle, who was the best man for Forest, and an occasional rally for a few strokes by Roche, who was the pick of the visiting forward line.

Sarnia's forward line smothered the Forest goal with shots to no avail, and scores were flattened against the walls behind and around the net, due to some weak shooting from all angles.

For the Collegiate Doug. Macklin and John Manore were the pick. Manore turned in a useful game and looks like a comer. The former Typo stickhandles well, can shoot, has all kinds of pep with his weight and was back checking with the best of them. Oldham did some nice rushing and Harkins featured with some of the most persistent back-checking that has been done this winter. Teskey and Kennedy worked in well.

Sarnia piled the Forest defence up around the net but could not score. Macklin took a long shot at Burke, the puck deflecting in off Doolittle for the first count. Harkins banged in number two for the home hopes when he picked up a long pass from Macklin. In the second period Manore scored on a pass from Teskey and Bill Oldham bulged the net with a long hard drive from well out. Sarnia continued to have all the play, but failed to score and in the last period Roche swept the Forest goose aside when he picked off a nice pass from the corner.

Sarnia—Goal, Southern; defence, Manore, Oldham; centre, Macklin; wings, Teskey, Harkins; subs, Kennedy, Morris.

Forest—Goal, Burke; defence, Anderson, Doolittle; centre, Roche; wings, Rawlings, Todd; subs, Middleton.

Referee—Eddie Robinson.

Sarnia 9—Forest 0.

The following Saturday the return game was played in Forest, February 16. The Sarnia squad arrived in Forest at three o'clock. They went directly to the rink and donned their uniforms. The game commenced at 3.30.

The ice surface was in good shape and the local youngsters lost no time in taking advantage of it.

In the first period, Manore started the tallying one half minute after the commencement of play. Macklin followed one half minute later. Harkins, the diminutive wing man of the Collegiates banged another past Burke, the Forest net guardian.

The second period was closer, Forest making a determined effort to hold the visitors in check and during the period the fifty or so rooters present were able to raise a few cheers. Twelve minutes after the commencement of the second, Macklin made a great rush through the Foresters and netted another for Sarnia.

The third period was Sarnia from

start to finish. Although Forest had periodical awakenings they could not cope with the LeBel crew. Macklin and Manore seemed to think that this period was theirs as they were shooting goals at will. Macklin scored two in this period and Manore scored three. Manore scored the last goal of the game just before Robinson sounded the final bell.

Referee Robinson kept the game well in hand. He gave two penalties both being on Forest men for heavy checking. The Forest rink is anything but well lighted and this seemed to affect the home lads more than it did the visitors. (The Collegiate boys work well in the dark.)

Burke was the mainstay of the Forest team, he stopped 23 shots during the campaign. Doolittle turned in a good game also. It is hard for the goal tender to see the puck on the Forest sheet as the lights do not reflect properly on the ice. To pick out an individual star on the Sarnia team would be doing an injustice to the team as every player turned in a good game. Macklin and Manore each scored four goals and Harkins one. Oldham swept down from defence several times but lost the puck at the critical moment. Jack Manore had more luck as he managed to get Burke's measure four times. Teskey on the forward line was the same as Oldham, he worked hard but could not find the net.

After the game the boys were the guests of the Principal of the Forest High School, who saw that they were provided with a lunch before they boarded the 6.30 train for home.

Sarnia—Goal, Southern; defence, Manore, Oldham; centre, Macklin; wings, Teskey, Harkins; subs, Kennedy, Morris.

Forest—Goal, Burke; defence, Doolittle, Anderson; centre, Todd; wings, Roche, Rawlings; subs, Middleton, Kemp.

Sarnia 5.—Amherstburg 0.

After defeating Forest in the semi-finals Sarnia was scheduled to meet Amherstburg in the second round of the W. O. S. S. A. hockey tournament. The hockey played by Sarnia was a revelation to some of the spectators and before the game ended they decided that Sarnia was in an entirely different class.

The Sarnia boys were lost for a time on the strange arena which is square. During the first period the Sarnia boys played rather warily until they had become accustomed to the uneven ice. Three minutes after the game had commenced LeBel rushed from centre and whipped one past Bellecour. Macklin repeated the performance three minutes later. The period ended 2-0.

The second period was a little more interesting to watch as the Sarnians could not find the opposing nets. Teskey scored the only goal of the period.

In the third period Bill Richardson made his debut in Teskey's position. Bill gave a good account of himself while on the ice. LeBel scored the last goal of the game making the score 5-0. The game was clean not a penalty being handed out to either team. It was hard to pick a star on the Sarnia team. Macklin, LeBel and Harkins teamed well on the offensive while Oldham and Manore displayed some fine defence work.

Sarnia—Goal, Southern; defence, Manore, Oldham; wings, LeBel, Harkins; centre, Macklin; subs, Teskey and Richardson.

Amherstburg—Goal, Bellecour, defence, O. Hamilton, Cuddy; wings Shay, Wright; centre, Hamilton; sub., Bairn.

Sarnia 19—Amherstburg 1.

On Saturday afternoon Amherstburg played the return game of the semi-finals when they accepted defeat to the tune of 19-1. Amherstburg didn't look very good in the beginning of the game although

they got the first two shots at Southern. Manore stickhandled through the whole team and passed to LeBel for the first count of the game. Manore rushed again but LeBel missed connections on the pass. Macklin picked up a loose one and slipped it past Bellecour for number two. He drove another hard one that just missed the net. Shay on the Amherstburg defence was doing some nice rushing. Macklin connected with one from close in and scored. LeBel scored the last goal of the period.

In the second period Macklin scored his third one during the first minute of play. Wright stickhandled through the Sarnia team and beat Southern for their first and only goal of the game. Macklin and LeBel were the chief scorers while every Collegiate player turned in a star game. Shay was the best for the losers.

Sarnia—Goal, Southern; defence, Manore, Oldham; wings, LeBel, Harkins; centre, Macklin; subs, Teskey and Richardson.

Amherstburg—Goal, Bellecour; defence, O. Hamilton, Cuddy; wings, Shay, Wright; centre, Hamilton; sub., Bairn.

Sarnia 3—Woodstock 9.

After winning the round from Amherstburg the Collegiate hockey team was scheduled to meet Woodstock in a sudden-death game in London on Saturday, Mar. 8. Sarnia was compelled to accept defeat, and in doing so they gave Woodstock College the London Free Press Trophy and the Western Ontario Secondary Schools Association Championship for the third consecutive year.

Woodstock College proved to be a much more experienced team than Sarnia with three members of the team playing Intermediate hockey.

Sarnia proved a strong opposition in the first period but in the last two periods were outclassed by Woodstock. The College lads were much at home on the large sheet of ice

while the Sarnia boys found the large surface a handicap.

Sarnia back checked Woodstock well in the first period. Manore impressed the fans with his sensational playing. Whitehead scored the opening counter on a bullet-like shot from the wing after seven minutes of play. Three minutes later Sarnia tied up the score when Macklin scored from a scrimmage. Southern stopped a deadly shot from centre ice which looked like a sure goal. The first period ended 1-1.

The second period opened with Woodstock lads playing brilliant hockey. Whitehead put Woodstock in the lead when he received the puck in a scramble in front of the goal and put it past Southern. Manore rushed forcing Jones, the midget Woodstock goaler, to fall to the ice in order to prevent a goal. Jemmett and Whitehead each scored a goal in the last few minutes of play.

In the third period LeBel scored for Sarnia after three minutes of play. Whitehead and Jemmett scored in turn. Sarnia managed to make a few odd spurts and their forwards tried hard to score but the Woodstock defence was too effective. Macklin tallied for Sarnia in the last minute of play the game ending 9 to 3.

Charles Jemmett, the classy centre player of Woodstock was the outstanding star of the game. He scored four goals for the winners. There was little to choose between the Sarnia players.

Sarnia C. I.—Goal, Southern; defence, Manore, Oldham; centre, Macklin; wings, Teskey, LeBel; subs, Richardson, Harkins.

Woodstock College—Goal, Janes; defence, McCartney, Lidgate; centre, Jemmett; wings, Whitehead, A. Ferrace; subs, V. Ferris, Smith.

HOCKEY TEAM

Following the final game of the W. O. S. A., the hockey team finished a very successful season. No championships were awarded

the S. C. I. six, despite all championship aspirations, but they entered the finals, and lost out to the formidable Woodstock College "Wossa" Champions.

With only two of last years' players left there was little hope of a successful season felt by the

school authorities. In the course of seven games in which the team participated, only one defeat was administered them, and they scored 55 goals, while their opponents tallied 14. This record remains to be surpassed by school teams in the future.

THE W. O. S. S. A. TRACK TEAM

The fourth annual Track Meet was held in London on Saturday, May 19, 1923. The largest attendance that has witnessed a Wossa track meet turned out on Saturday to watch the crack athletes from all over Western Ontario compete for Athletic honors. The Sarnia teams were forced to give up the Senior Trophy and Junior Trophy which has been in the possession of the Sarnia School since the Wossa Track meet was first organized. Sarnia was forced to accept second position in the Senior events, London being first with 48 points, Sarnia having a total of 15 points. In the Junior entry London again claimed first place with a total of 28 points, Sarnia trailing the list with 3 points.

The bitterness of the loss of the trophies was alleviated by the brilliant work of Eddie Hanna. He surprised even Sarnia fans with his beautiful sprinting. He was first in the 220. His final sprint was one of the features of the day, his time was 23 1-5 sec. He won his heat in the 100 yards with ease but in the finals he lost his chance through faulty work on the part of the starter Sinclair. The two London runners beat the pistol, Hanna refusing to start. Hanna was also a member of the relay team.

Charlie Grace in winning the pole vault eliminated some of the neatest vaulters ever seen in London. He cleared the bar faultlessly at nine feet four inches collecting five more points.

Arthur Brown gathered in 3 points by taking second place in the Senior Shot Put. Chantler, of St. Thomas was first in the event.

Hallam was the only Junior entry to get a place. He came second in the shot put collecting the only points for Sarnia.

Sarnia's Senior relay team accepted third place while the Junior relay team was fourth.

A. Wanless won the Senior Individual Trophy with a total of 19 points, 10 points ahead of Wislon of London. L. Misner, of Paris was successful in winning the Junior Individual Shield.

Senior—Eddie Hanna, Eddie Robinson, Charlie Grace, Ernie Williams, Ken Robinson, Charlie LeBel, Arthur Brown, Gleed Workman, Howard Carter, Ted Kennedy.

Junior—Lloyd Hallam, Eric McKenzie, Ralph Camsell, Jim Armstrong, Hubert Potter, Case Miners, Malcolm Clarry, Norville Gark, Edgar Kellam.

TRACK NOTES

Eddie Hanna's form in the dashes in which he was entered was the talk of the meet. The Sarnia speedster is a beautiful runner and covers the ground with amazing speed.

There seemed something lacking in the Sarnia track team last year. The boys did not show the same spirit that has been conspicuous in the past.

In the Senior half mile, Williams, the Sarnia entrant was tripped at the start. He recovered his feet and then lost his shoe but gamely kept in the race with his bare foot.

The next meet will be held this year on May 17th, so an early start will be necessary if the trophies which are far-distant are to return again to the Sarnia Collegiate.

VISIT OF MR. WALTER KNOX

Early in the fall a visitor came to the school in the person of Mr Walter Knox, the world-famous all-round athlete and former Olympic coach. For the benefit of the few who may not know him we might say that Mr. Knox holds many National and International Championships and to-day at the age of fifty would have no opposition in a ten event competition with any veteran athlete of his years.

Mr. Knox gave the students a fine exhibition of the start of the sprints of the form in the shot-put, high jump, pole-vault, discus throw and other track events. He was

well pleased with the performance of several of the boys, stating that the school holds material for several championships.

In the evening he delivered an illustrated lecture in which he emphasized the importance of the required amount of sleep, fresh air and good plain, wholesome food. He also pointed out that the successful athlete should not use tobacco.

The films were very interesting as well as instructive and the students who went to hear Mr Knox, left the school feeling that they had gained a great deal of knowledge in the art of training.

BASKETBALL

At the close of the football season, followers of the principal indoor sport gathered to elect their officers and to get the practices under way. Ted Kennedy, a veteran of the last two years, was elected to lead the team. Claire Gates, a hard worker for the court game, was chosen to manipulate the management of things and succeeded in a way which enabled this year's team to enjoy one of its best schedules.

Pre-season practices brought out more aspirants for positions than ever before and it was soon seen that with the class of material on hand it would be no easy task for the coach to weed out the players. Under the able coaching of Mr. Keeber the team progressed rapidly with a few practices before Christmas as was evinced by the result of the annual Old Boys' game. The first few games were played to capacity houses which gave the team considerable encouragement.

The members of the team this year have been favoured with the gracious hospitality of Miss Going and her girls who prepared three

sumptuous banquets for them and the team wishes to express its sincere thanks to Miss Going and her staff of co-workers. Mr. Campbell, has also shown a great interest in the team's welfare and it has been largely through his efforts that the basketball team has had such a successful season.

Sarnia 13.—Night School 13.

The first basketball game of the season was played with the Night School team composed of the best material attending night classes, such as "Son" Jennings and Ray Weston.

The game was close throughout, although the better condition of the S. C. I. team showed to advantage but was somewhat offset by the experience of the older players.

The Collegiate team led at half-time. Then "Son" Jennings went on a shooting rampage and evened things up so that the game ended in a 13-13 tie.

The whole S. C. I. team made a creditable showing considering that it was the first game of the season.

Night School—Forwards, Lucas, Shantz, Haney; Centre, Weston; Guards, Jennings, Macdonald.

S.C.I.—Forwards, Kennedy, Hallam, Gates, Parsons; centre, Carter; guards, Brown, Crompton, White.

Referee—Chas. Keeber.

Sarnia 46.—Old Boys' 23.

The annual game with the "Old Boys'" took place in the Christmas holidays. The Old Boys' were expected to win the contest by reason of their all-star line-up and their practice together during the holidays.

However the school team did the unexpected and reversed the situation by the score of 46-23 taking the lead all through the game.

Johnson and Jennings were probably the best for the losers while Carter, Kennedy and Robinson amassed the larger part of the school's points.

Old Boys'—Forwards, Howard, Weston; centre, Johnston; guards, Jennings, Corey.

S.C.I.—Forwards, Kennedy, Hallam, Parsons; centre, Carter; guards, Brown, White, Crompton, Robinson.

Referee—Claire Gates.

Chatham 11.—S. C. I. 5.

On January 11th the basketball team journeyed to Chatham to play the first of two exhibition games.

This was the first game away from home and the strange floor together with the poor playing facilities probably helped to bring about the first defeat of the season. The Sarnia team could not get an effective combination working and it was only by close checking that they managed to hold the score to 5-7 at quarter time. In the last quarter the Chatham quintet got two baskets and although the school team tried hard they could not overcome the 6 point lead of the Maple City.

Sarnia—Hallam, Kennedy, forwards; Carter, centre; Brown, White, guards; Gates, Crompton and Parsons, subs.

Chatham—Newham, Johnston, forwards; McCallum, centre; Bro-

die, Shepley, guards; subs, Merritt, Doyle.

Referee—Chas. Keeber.

Sarnia 18.—Port Huron 15.

The first game of the Port Huron—Sarnia series was played on the local floor, and the game was the best seen in Sarnia for years and the visitors' supporters were forced to witness their first break in nine straight wins. The teams were very evenly matched but the aggressiveness of the local quintet carried off the honours.

At the end of the first half the Juniors appeared to have the game well in hand, the score standing 13-8 but when they changed around the Golden Tornado stopped playing basketball and before they could get together the Collegiate had tied the score.

The Juniors failed to score a field basket in the second period and lost the game by not taking advantage of the four fouls they were awarded.

Close refereeing kept the game from becoming too rough but in the second half the game was speeded up a little.

Carter, Hallam and Kennedy were the best for Sarnia, for the visitors Sheffer and Mugavero were the favourites.

Sarnia—Kennedy, Hallam, forwards; Carter, centre; guards, White, Brown; subs, Parsons, Gates, Crompton, Johnston.

Port Huron—Mugavero, Cataline, forwards; centre, James; guards, Sheffer, Malloy; subs, White, Aldrick.

Demolays 15.—Sarnia 30.

On Jan. 25th the Senecas' team of Assumption College, Windsor, were scheduled to play an exhibition game on the local floor but owing to some mistake in their examination time table were unable to make the trip so a game was arranged with the Demolay's team of Port Huron.

The school acquired a lead shortly after play was begun and although the Demolays offered strenuous



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Mr' D. A. CAMPBELL, MR. KEEBER (Coach), CLAIRE GATES, HOWARD CARTER, EDWARD ROBINSON, CLEMENT WHITE, STANLEY CROMPTON, LLOYD HALLAM, ROY BROWN, ST. CLAIRE PARSONS, HAROLD JOHNSON, EDWARD KENNEDY (Captain).

resistance, the S. C. I. team was never in danger. The mode of attack used by Carter, Hallam and Kennedy puzzled the Demolay defence and the Sarnia forwards had little trouble in scoring. The Sarnia defence on the other hand watched the opposing forwards and it was rarely that the latter were able to break through. Robinson and Brown each scored a basket from well out. Aikman was the star for the Demolays scoring most of their points.

Sarnia—Kennedy, Hallam, forwards; centre, Carter; guards, Crompton, Robinson; subs, Brown, White, Parsons, Gates and Johnson.

Demolay—Marshall, Cheney, forwards; Aikman, centre; McTaggart, Starke; sub, Goldman.

Demolays 22—Sarnia 20.

On Feb. 29 the S.C.I. journeyed to Port Huron to play the return game of the series, with the Demolays, carrying with them a 15 point lead.

Port Huron took the lead scoring two baskets before Sarnia retaliated with three free throws in a row. The Sarnia students made the

game close and there was little difference in the score from start to finish. The half-time score was 15-13, Port Huron claiming the long end. Although the shooting of the Sarnia squad was very poor, Port Huron failed to show anything that could match with Hallam. He was the only Sarnian to show anything like regular form. The Sarnia defence were penalized for body-checking and holding.

In the second period the school team had the better of the play and with about a few minutes left drew up within one point of tying the score before Aikman made a free throw casting aside Sarnia's only chance. Hallam starred for Sarnia while the work of Aikman and Marshall for the Demolays' was brilliant.

Sarnia—Kennedy, Hallam, forwards; centre, Carter; guards, Crompton, Robinson; subs, Brown, White and Gates.

Demolays—Goldman, Marshall, forwards; Aikman, centre; Springstead, McTaggart, guards; Cheney, sub.

Chatham 8—Sarnia 13.

On Feb. 15th Chatham came to Sarnia for the return game of the exhibition series. Chatham had a five point lead but Sarnia felt confident of turning the tables.

There was nothing one-sided about the battle which, by the way, was witnessed by one of the smallest crowds of the season. The visitors put forth all they had to carry home the bacon but the superior teamwork of the locals swept the Chatham chances aside. The checking was close and hard throughout the contest.

Chatham took the offensive in the early stages of the game and it was only in the dying moments that Brown and Gates came through with the points that spelled defeat for the visitors. Several switches were made in the lineup, Eddie Robinson being moved to a forward position.

Roy Brown was the leading scorer for Sarnia dropping in three baskets during the affray, Carter was second with two. For Chatham Newham and Shepley were considered the best.

Chatham—Johnston, Newham, forwards; McCallum, centre; Brody, Shepley, guards; Doyle, sub.

Referee—Chas. Keeber.

Sarnia 17—Strathroy 10

On Friday, Feb. 22, Strathroy journeyed to Sarnia to play the first game of the Semi-finals in the Wossa. Strathroy failed to show any of the class expected of them. Their teamwork was weak and their passing very poor. They lacked combination and had the locals kept up the pace which they set at the beginning of the game it is doubtful whether two substitutes would have been sufficient for the visitors. Sarnia had the ball in their possession most of the time in the first half which ended 13-4. In the last half the locals seemed to be playing ahead of themselves which resulted in Strathroy scoring 6 points to Sarnia's 4.

Kennedy and Hallam were the

leading scorers of the locals, each getting three field goals. Leitch and Orr were the stars of the losers.

After the game the visiting players, officials, school officials, and the Sarnia team were tendered a banquet in the school.

Strathroy—Leitch, Bolton, forwards; Orr, centre; Burkholder, Nicholson, guard; Whiting, sub.

Sarnia—Kennedy, Hallam, forwards; Carter, centre; Robinson, Brown, guards; White, Gates, subs.

Referee—Dr. Smith, London.

Sarnia 10.—Port Huron 28.

The return game was played in Port Huron on Saturday, Mar. 1. In Sarnia the locals held the fast Port Huron team to an 18-15 score and a good game was expected from both teams. Several hundred fans witnessed the defeat of the Sarnia squad.

Sarnia's passing was poor and wild and their shooting was far below par. They looked worse against the Demolays on the same floor. The Port Huron guards had the Sarnia forwards smothered. Catalino was breaking away from Carter all night and it was his brilliant shooting that kept the Junior team in the lead. Carter was playing with a sprained finger which showed up in his shooting and passing. But at that he was the best scorer for Sarnia bagging four free throws and one basket.

For Port Huron the work of Catalino was the feature. Mugavero was about the fastest man on the floor but his shooting was poor.

Roy Brown was forced to leave the floor when he bruised the muscles in his foot in a collision with one of the Port Huron forwards.

Port Huron—Mugavero, Cataline, forwards; centre, James; guards, Sheffer, Malloy; subs, White, Aldrich.

Sarnia—Parsons, Hallam, forwards; Carter, centre; Robinson, Brown, guards; Gates, Crompton, White, subs.

Referee—Ike Snyder, Pt. Huron.

Sarnia 22—Strathroy 8.

On the following Friday the S.C.I. journeyed to Strathroy for the return game with that school. On their own floor, which was much smaller than that of Sarnia, the Strathroy players were able to use their mode of attack much more successfully than they could in Sarnia. Although they offered a stubborn resistance all through the game the Strathroy team was defeated 22-8. The Sarnia Collegiate played their most aggressive game of the season and by doing so earned the right to carry on in the Wossa series. It was not only the first time, that Strathroy has been beaten on their own floor but the first time the Sarnia team has been returned winners of their district since basketball became a recognized Wossa point.

The Sarnia guards were too much for the Strathroy forwards who were unable to get anything like a clear shot on the basket. Strathroy scored but one field goal and Leitch dropped that one in from close to the centre of the floor rather than take any chances of passing the Sarnia defence. The condition of the players was good enough to allow them to keep the one team on the floor throughout the whole contest and outlast the Strathroy team with its subs.

Strathroy's guards were non plussed by the speedy short passing games of the winners. Hallam led the scorers with eight points but every player on the team but Pat Crompton bagged a basket and Kennedy who played his first game in several weeks was but one point behind Hallam in scoring.

Each team had eight free throws and each squad bagged six of the shots, Orr scoring four for the losers.

Sarnia—Kennedy, Hallam, forwards; Carter, centre; Crompton, Robinson, guards; Parsons, White, Johnston, Gates and Brown, subs.

Strathroy—Leitch, Bolton, forwards; Orr, centre; Burkholder, Nicholson, guard; Whiting, sub.

London 12—Sarnia 17.

After winning the district from Strathroy the S. C. I. was placed with London in the first game of the semi-finals. The team journeyed to the Forest City on Fri. 21, to play the first game. As London had defeated some of the best teams in that district a real game was anticipated. Murray opened the scoring on a neat shot from the side, Logan, the center for London, added another one before the Sarnia aggregation found its stride. At half time the score stood 7-6, Sarnia resting on the short end.

In the second half the S. C. I. team appeared to have the advantage and their combination improved considerably. Robinson and Hallam were fed continually by the guards and they scored the majority of the Sarnia points. Of the London forwards Logan and Murray appeared to be the best, and Chapman at guard made four neat field goals.

Sarnia—Kennedy, Hallam, forwards; Carter, centre; Crompton, Robinson, guards; White, Gates, subs.

London—Barbour, Murray, forwards; Logan, centre; Cummings, Foote, guards; Obeay, Bice, Chapman, subs.

Referee—Dr. Smith.

Sarnia 28—London 17.

On Monday night the return game was played with London on the local floor, Sarnia having a five point lead. The visitors displayed much better form than in the previous game but were defeated 28-17. The locals acquired a lead shortly after play was begun and although the L. C. I. team offered a strenuous resistance the S. C. I. was never in danger of being defeated. The Sarnia defence watched the opposing forwards closely and it was rarely that the latter were able to break through. Most of the visitors' points were scored by Barbour on free shots.

The London team, in the second period, staged a strong rally but

they were only successful in slightly reducing the lead. Hallam, Carter and Kennedy scored the points for Sarnia while Barbour, Logan and Murray were the best for the losers. Dr. Smith of London refereed the series in a very commendable manner. The S. C. I. team now meets Windsor C. I. in the finals for the "Wossa" championship.

London—Barbour, Murray, forwards; Logan, centre; Cummings, Foote, guards; Obeay, Bice, Chapman, subs.

Sarnia—Kennedy, Hallam, forwards; Carter, centre; Crompton, Robinson, guards; White, Gates, subs.

Referee—Dr. Smith.

Sarnia 9—Windsor 36.

The S. C. I. win over London entitled them to enter the finals with Windsor and on Sat. April 19, they journeyed to Windsor to play the first game. In the first quarter the Windsor quintet had the best of the play. The shooting of Sarnia forwards being below par. In the last three periods the whole blue and white machine stiffened. The players watched their checks closely putting up a defensive cordon that put a sudden halt to the Windsor crew. Dowd opened the scoring when he broke away from his check dropping one in unmolested. Edwards lost Carter and flipped one in from in front of the basket before Crompton could get to him. King came up the floor and bagged number three. Edwards scored four field goals in succession. Kennedy was fouled and dropped two free throws through the hoop for Sarnia's first counters. Dowd made two free throws and Turville followed scoring his first basket of the night. Hallam made things a little more interesting on a shot from the basket. Edwards and Turville each scored a basket before the half time whistle.

Sarnia looked like a new team after the first period. Edwards and Dowd scored field goals for Windsor. Robinson scored on a pretty

shot from well out and Kennedy followed soon after. Edwards notched two more in a row. Turville, Dowd and Edwards each scored. Hallam dropped a free throw for Sarnia's last score. Both teams were in splendid condition which was shown by the strenuous pace which continued throughout the game.

Sarnia—Kennedy, Hallam, forwards; Carter, centre; Crompton, Robinson, guards; Gates, sub.

Windsor—Howell, Turville, forwards; Edwards, centre; King, Dowd, guards; subs, Kay, Dawson, Cohan.

Referee—Dr. Smith.

Sarnia 10—Windsor 22

The Windsor C.I. came to Sarnia to play the return game for the Wossa basketball championship. They carried with them a 27 point lead secured in the first game of the series. Dowd opened the scoring for Windsor on a close in shot. Crompton broke the Sarnia goose egg when he sunk one from the foul line. Edwards broke away for his first basket. Turville made a rush and scored from the side. Robinson dropped in Sarnia's last score of the period on a long shot.

In the second period Edwards started out netting two field goals in rapid succession. Sarnia had the better of the play for a time, Hallam scoring on a free throw and Robinson scoring on another long shot. Turville put Windsor ahead for the period shortly before the whistle blew. In the third period Dowd and Edwards scored for Windsor while Robinson made his third counter of the night.

In the last period the checking was hard and close. Edwards scored the lone counter of the period when he accepted a pass beneath the basket. Edwards, Turville and Dowd were the best for Windsor while Robinson and Crompton starred for Sarnia. Dr. Smith, of London, refereed the contest.

Windsor—Howell, Turville, forwards; Edwards, centre; King,

Dowd, guards; subs, Kay, Dawson, Cohan.

Sarnia—Kennedy, Hallam, forwards; Carter, centre; Crompton, Robinson, guards; Gates, sub.

BASKETBALL NOTES

When the final whistle blew in the last game the curtain was drawn across the 1924 Basketball season. Although the team did not obtain any championship colors they have the honour of being the first basketball team of the school to enter the finals.

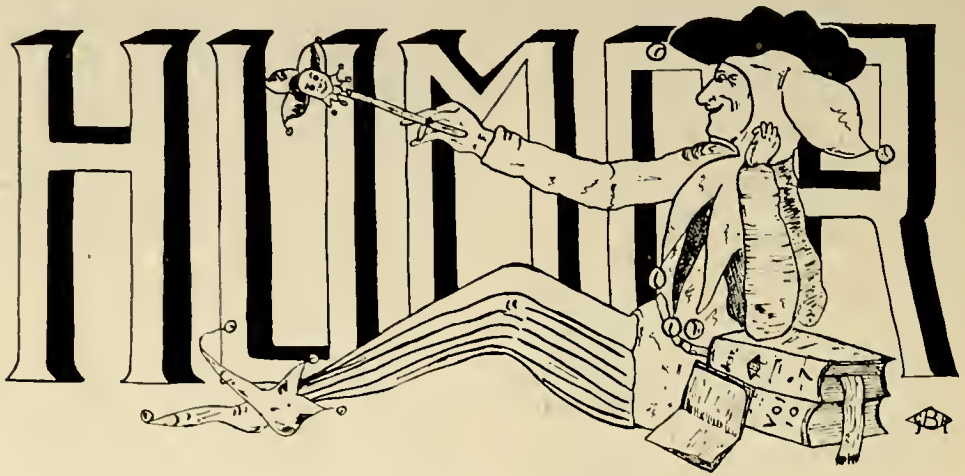
After the game in Windsor the boys of the team were the guests of

Mr. Garrett of Detroit. His hospitality did much to make the visit in Windsor a great success and his efforts were more than appreciated. The boys returned considering it the best trip of the season. We take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks to Mr. Garrett for his interest in the team and his thoughtfulness in its entertainment.

Harry Kinsell of Detroit handed the game in splendid order.

Edwards, the centre man for Windsor was by far the outstanding player of the contest. Crompton, at guard, left nothing to be desired at that position. He was one of the neatest guards on the floor.





A HISTORY OF 1923.

Written in the year 9999.

Man in 1923 is supposed to have developed a rather high state of civilization. It is strongly believed that our primitive fathers had schools in which they educated their young. A recent excavation revealed a large stone building, in which pieces of slate were found; scientists believe the teachers used these to write upon.

A rude and rusted chariot has been found near the ancient city of Detroit. A great warrior called Ford once owned these, and several such chariots have also been found throughout a country then called Canada. It is now believed that his whole army rode in such a fashion to battle against the great Packard clan.

Fruit of the now extinct golf tree has been found buried in a creek. Weapons called putties and mashies show us the primitive state of the men. Women at that time, were also very wild. They learned to use the rolling pin with great effectiveness, and used this as their sole weapon. The women put red paint and flour on their cheeks, probably to frighten the enemy in time of battle.

These people spoke English but we would not understand their language. Phrases such as, "give her the gas, kid!", and "ain't she the frog's tooth!" show us that grammar was as yet unheard of. Seemingly these people were very fond of music, but they sang only one tune. Over a thousand copies of a melody called, "Yes, We Have No Bananas," have been found in the apartment homes of our ancestors. The meaning of such a song can only be guessed at. Much literature has also been found concerning some great man, probably a warrior. This man was named Andy Gump.

They also learned to tame the wild horse, as a certain horse called Spark Plug was given much praise. The skeletons of huge birds have been found near Point Edward. These species were called the aeroplane, and why they have not survived, is attributed to the destructive tendencies of man at that time.

A discovery has been made giving us light upon the appearances of these people. The miles of celluloid with the picture of the same person upon it has been studied by the scientists. They have found that by rapidly cranking these pictures through a machine they can be reproduced on a screen. We find in observing these pictures that some of the women wore their hair down their backs in long curls, like a woman called Mary Pickford. Others had it cut like a man's, and brushed into a tangled mass on the top of

the head. Men were very deformed in 1923. The eyes were crossed, as we observe by looking at the pictures of a man called Ben Turpin, and the feet were turned out like those of Charles Chaplin. Funny names were used; one man's name is nearly blotted out, but we suppose it to be Rhubarb Vaseline. One picture has proved Darwin's ancient theory of man's descending from the ape. The actions of Douglas Fairbanks show us this very clearly.

The clothing worn at that time appears humorous to us. In a surprisingly short time feminine dress changed from long sleeves and extremely short skirts, to no sleeves and long skirts. No doubt the women were very athletic and took pleasure in showing their legs and arms, although they are not what we to-day would call muscular.

A tomb consisting of three stories has recently been revealed by excavators near the ancient city of Sarnia. Many rooms were set apart for the use of departed spirits, but why a tomb should contain a huge amphitheatre, two gymnasiums and a swimming pool, with many heating facilities, can not be understood by scientists. Thirty-one skeletons have been found, and modern physiognomists say that all these once had very stern, menacing features.

* * * *

Blair—"What makes the music so catchy?"

Dorothy—"It must be the traps."

* * * *

Couse—"That snappy fellow you just danced with is in my class."

Olie—"You flatter yourself."

* * * *

Harold Johnston (translating Latin)—"Let the wicked and ungrateful depart."

Mr. Grant (as bell rings)—"All right class—pass out."

* * * *

Miss Ferguson—"Armstrong, when does civic holiday come?"

Jim—"When Miss Harris is away."

* * * *

Member of "Collegiate"—"It's awfully warm in here."

Grace—"Better see the circulation manager."

* * * *

Maid—"The garbage man is here, sir."

Absent-minded Professor—"Dear, dear, tell him I shan't want any to-day."

* * * *

Kennedy (in Taylor's Shop)—"Say Wif. do you want a belt in the waist?"

Hand—"Do you want a sock in the jaw?"

* * * *

"Let me kiss those tears away, sweetheart," he begged tenderly.

She fell into his arms and he was very busy for a few minutes. But the tears flowed on.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly.

"No", she answered. "It's hay fever—but go on with the treatment."

* * * *

Miss Brown—"Is that door ajar, Lampel?"

Isaac—"A little vase."

* * * *

Lebel—"How did you enjoy your ocean voyage?"

Grace—"Dunno, I made the trip by rail."

* * * *

Lampel—"Say Mint, what is it that is so easy to get into and so hard to get out of?"

White—"Bed."

M. Weaver—"Why can't you spell Cupid?"

Dave Mac—"When I get to C. U. (see you) I forget everything else."

* * * *

Miss Jones (after lecture on "Yes Sir" and No Miss)—"Brown have you your French exercise finished for to-day?"

Brown—"No!"

Miss Jones—"No what? Brown."

Art—"No book."

* * * *

Miss Clark—"Why do you say that twice ten is the same as twice eleven?"

Lebel—"Because twice ten is twenty and twice eleven is twenty-two (too)."

* * * *

Dorothy—"What do you suppose Harold meant by sending me those flowers?"

Blair—"He probably meant to imply that you were a dead one."

* * * *

E. Nichol—"Some men you know, are born great, some achieve greatness."

Helen Mac—"Exactly! and some just grate upon you."

* * * *

Freshie—"Who was Hamlet, Dad?"

Father—"Such ignorance! bring me a Bible and I'll show you who he was."

* * * *

Mr. Dennis—"What makes the leaves turn red in the fall?"

Allaire—"They are blushing to think how green they have been all summer."

* * * *

Miss Harris (to Heal)—"What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?"

Ralph—"If I knew I'd take some myself."

* * * *

Bellhop (after Kennedy has rung for ten minutes)—"Did you ring, Sir?"

Ted—"No, I was tolling, I thought you were dead."

* * * *

Art Brown (to clerk in Music Store) "Can I hear your 'Smiles'?"

Clerk—"Naw, but listen while I laugh."

* * * *

Teacher—"The whale got his prophet out of the water."

Clarry—"So does our milkman."

* * * *

Little Brother—"Bet he'd kiss you if I weren't here."

Big Sister—"You naughty boy, leave this room at once."

* * * *

Blondy—"A man follows me home. How can I stop him from doing it?"

V. Couse—"Let him catch up with you."

* * * *

G. Lang (without her specs)—"Is that the head cheese over there?"

Clerk—"No, the boss is out."

* * * *

Brown Magic—Katherine Garrets' eyes.

White Magic—Baking powder.

* * * *

Murton Taylor (to Gardiner)—"There's something preying on my mind."

Shrimp—"Never mind! It will soon starve."

* * * *

Teskey—"What is this you have brought me?"

Waitress—"Chicken soup."

Teskey—"Well, there is no chicken in it."

Waitress—"No sir. They don't have dogs in dog biscuits either."

A DARK DEED

He sits alone in a darkened room
 Alone in the fading light
 Why is his brow so heavy with gloom
 And his cheek so deadly white?

But though his heart is faint with care
 His courage never flinches
 His eyes are fixed in a glassy stare
 What is it his firm hand clinches?

"A little courage" he murmurs, "yes
 A little and all is won;
 A choking gurgle, more or less;
 A gasp and the deed is done."

Without a shudder or eyelid wink
 Oh! It makes the heart recoil
 That he should so calmly drink
 A dose of Castor Oil.

—J. McKeown, 3A.

* * * *

Miss Harris—"What do we learn from the attack on the Dardenelles?"
 Hand (dreamily)—"That a strait beat three kings."

* * * *

She—"Don't you think that talkative women are the most popular."
 He—"What other kinds are there?"

* * * *

Mr. Dent—"Class, I am dismissing you ten minutes early to-day. Please go
 quietly so as not wake the other classes."

* * * *

She are gone
 Her has went
 And left I all alone
 Must I always go to she
 Will her ever come to me
 It can never was
 Her is went from I
 Me is gone from she
 Us will no more
 Together is
 Him has took her
 Her has took he
 And them will think
 No more of me
 How come it was?

* * * *

Ever lose a hotel pillow
 And wake up with frantic fear?
 Hunt it frantically in darkness,
 Find it stuck behind your ear?

Yes, and for the sheet I've hunted
 When I could not see a speck;
 And where do you think I found it?
 Wound just twice around my neck.

Mr. Dore in Form 1C—"All those who didn't bring their reports will stay in the detention room till they do bring them."

* * * *

Etta Brown, diligently studying Latin—"Waltzo, waltzere, foxi, trotum."

* * * *

Color Blind

They say that fleas are black,
But I don't believe its so,
For Mary had a little lamb
It's fleece was white as snow.

* * * *

Jack Hayne—"Gimme some soap."

B. Wadland (in drug store)—"Scented?"

Jack—"No! I'll take it with me."

* * * *

Teacher (during examination)—"Will someone who isn't using his text-book be so kind as to let me have it for a few moments?"

* * * *

Rhodes—"Why is your neck like a typewriter?"

Macklin—"I don't know."

Maurice—"Because its Underwood."

* * * *

Bond (in Chemistry class)—"My its getting warm in here."

Bryant—"Yes! Someone hum a little air."

* * * *

Two is company, three is a crowd—he, she and the lamp.
That is why the lamp when out.

* * * *

Bessie—"Don't you find Tom rather rough?"

Fran. G.—"Yes, and yet he says he shaves every day."

* * * *

Crompton—"Is this a first-class restaurant?"

Waiter—"Yes, but we'll serve you just the same."

* * * *

Mr. Grant—"So you sleep with your gloves on all the time to keep your hands soft."

Isard Lucas—"Yes sir."

Mr. Grant—"Say Lucas, do you sleep with your hat on?"

* * * *

Miss Burriss—"I want a ticket for Florence."

Railway Clerk (after ten minutes scrutinizing of railway guide) "And where is Florence?"

Miss Burriss—"Over there on the bench."

* * * *

Crompton to Kennedy—"Does horse-back riding made your head ache?"

Kennedy—"No, on the contrary."

* * * *

Manager—"If customers come for flutes, mandolins, sheet-music or anything else, you know what to show them?"

L. Hallam—"You bet I do sir."

Manager—"And if anyone would ask to see a lyre?"

Lloyd—"Yes sir, that's when I call you, sir."

* * * *

Crompton—"Why did you give that waiter a dollar tip for getting your coat?"

Kennedy—"Did you notice the coat he got me?"

Kennedy (in Hamilton Y.M.C.A.)—"Blow out the light."
Crompton—"I can't its in a bottle."

* * * *

When the basket-ball team went to Chatham one of the quintet dropped his watch out of the window. The wheels crunched over the faithful timepiece. But there was one consolation; for the first time in History the Conductor reported the train to be on time.

* * * *

Myers and Sloane have the same locker.

Myers—"Where's all my ink gone? I had a whole bottle yesterday."

Sloane (jocularly)—"I've been drinking it."

Myers—"I suppose that's what makes you so blackhearted."

Sloane—"No, that's what makes me so blue-blooded."

* * * *

Mr. Asbury—"What part of Menelaus' theorem is applicable here?"

Lampel—"The cosine."

* * * *

Lebel—"What is that slab of ice beside Couse's house for?"

Brown—"That's where "Cherry" learned to skate last month."

* * * *

Mr. Asbury is explaining an Algebra problem and notices Crompton asleep.

Mr. Asbury—"Crompton, what would you do if there was a flood right now?"

Crompton wakes up but does not hear the question. Pugh, sitting behind, whispers in his ear.

Crompton—"I'd use a blotter."

* * * *

Robinson—"How long is a joule?"

Hand—"3 grams."

* * * *

Old Boy to Parsons—"Do you know my brother?"

Parsons—"I ought to; I sleep in the same Latin class with him."

* * * *

Letts—"Did you ever feel the world was against you?"

Pugh—"Sure, I felt it this morning when I slipped on the pavement."

* * * *

Durance—"I have always looked down on Actors."

Hughes—"Yes, the gallery is the only place."

* * * *

Hand—"What have you got that bandage around your head for?"

Teskey—"A thought struck me."

* * * *

Shiek—"Did you see that pretty girl smile at me?"

Helen Mac—"The first time I saw you I laughed out loud."

* * * *

D. French—"What would you give for a voice like mine?"

Lorne—"Chloroform!"

* * * *

Freshie to Pugh—"How long have you been here?"

Fred—"Now look here boy, don't corrupt ancient history."

* * * *

Edythe—"Do you love me still?"

Ken.—Yes, but I can't bear to hear you talk."

* * * *

Grave—"Is there much dust on my clothes?"

Porter (brushing him off)—"Just about fifty cents wuff, boss."

"Stop treading on my foot," said the oyster to the eel.

* * * *

Robinson—"I am sick of this town. Where would you advise me to go?"

Lampel—"You wouldn't go if I told you."

* * * *

FAVOURITE SAYINGS

"This is a study period."—Miss Brown.

"I just 'hate' red-headed boys"—Helen Fraser.

"Have you a late slip?"—Mr. Andrews.

"Gosh, if I had a car."—Davie Mackenzie.

"Come on troops."—George Keeber.

"See you later."—Buddie Parsons.

"Let's see the last."—Stanley Crompton.

"Have you heard this one?"—Doug. Macklin.

"In the Atlantic Monthly."—Miss Ferguson.

"Stewed Corn, toast and Coffee."—V. Couse.

"Are you going that way?"—Cec. Pollard.

"Now I ask you."—Dorothy Willson.

"Get rid of it Lampel."—Miss Jones.

"Just jot this down."—Mr. Fielding.

* * * *

WHERE TO FIND THEM

Eddie Robinson at French's.

Wif. Hand in the shooting gallery.

Fred Whitcombe on Maria Street.

Olie at the rink.

Dorothy Willson with Eileen Cook.

Tom Baird in the "Gods" at the Imperial.

David Mackenzie at the National.

H. Logan at home.

Athletic Teams—Stepping out.

Howard Carter—alone.

Marg. Mackenzie in a star.

Chas. Lebel in Detroit.

Helen Fraser in Choruses.

Marian Henderson at the Show.

Helen McArthur with Olie.

* * * *

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF YOU SAW?

Isaac Lampel doing the tango.

Harold Maitland arriving at school on time.

Margaret Mackenzie at school for a whole week.

Miss Lang with a smile.

Fergus Allaire in a dress suit.

Blair Pardee walking to school.

Dorothy Willson with her hair done up.

Stan. Bell with his hair cut.

Bruce Maitland awake for 40 minutes.

All the teachers in the Assembly.

Elmer MacIntyre with a girl.

Bud Parsons with his hair mussed.

E. Robinson without a smile.

L. Bryant without some gum.

S. Crompton with a serene sober look.

B. Couse with a Carter Scholarship.

HISTORY AS APPLIED TO THE S. C. I.

Bastile—Detention Room.
 The Inquisition—The inner office.
 The Rack—Gun Drill.
 The Galleys—Digging the Shooting Gallery.
 The Parthenon—Assembly Hall.
 Babel—Study period without a teacher.
 The Dead Sea—Swimming Pool.
 The Senate—Student's Council.
 The Bridge of Sighs—Front steps at school time.
 The Gladiators—The Rugby Team.
 The Colosseum—Boys' Gymnasium on basketball nights.
 The Decline and Fall of Rome—The Chamber of Commerce Dances.
 The Sphinxes—S. C. I. Teachers before exams.
 The forum—The Halls of the School before the last bell.
 Crossing the Styx—Showing the report at home.

* * * *

Mr. Jordon (in restaurant)—“Waiter, there is a hair in this honey.”
 Waiter—“Oh! that's all right, it's just fresh from the comb.”

* * * *

Irish—“Did you hear the latest?”
 Harkins, all excited—“No, what?”
 Irish—“Dad got Greece on his radio last night.”

* * * *

Mrs. Urquhart, in Latin Class—“The storm was so great that the ships were wrecked.” What would you use in this case?”
 Danby—“Life preservers!”

* * * *

She, waiting for mother to dress—“My, but it takes my mother a long time to dress.”
 He—“You mean hours (our).”
 She—“Oh Georgie, this is so sudden.”

* * * *

Oldham—“Her heart is as hard as glass; I can't even make an impression on it.”
 Irish—“Have you tried a diamond?”

* * * *

Gates—“Have you read “Freckles”, Maitland?”
 Bruce, blushing—“No; mine are the brown kind.”

* * * *

Bargain-Counter Golf

“FORE,” called the impatient golfer, but the woman on the course paid no attention.
 “FORE,” he shouted again with no effect.
 His opponent, who was standing with a disgusted appearance suggested, “Try three ninety-eight.”

* * * *

Hand—“I saw something that made my eyes open this mornring.”
 Doris—“What was it?”
 Wiff—“My alarm clock.”

* * * *

Teacher. to Johnny—“Spell “little”.”
 Johnny—“L-i-t-t-l-e.”
 You should say—“L-i double t-l-e.”
 The next day Johnny was asked to recite some poetry which began; Up, up,
 my love, the sun is shining. Remembering his lesson of the previous
 day Johnny began: “Double up, my love, the sun is shining.”

Bruce, at Pitzer's—"What will you have, Jean?"

Jean—"A kiss in the dark, I think."

Dalziel—"Hey: Turn out the lights."

* * * *

Mr. Grant—"Translate Patterson."

Patt—"They approached the Roman's Camp."

Mr. Grant—"tense?"

Patt—"Oh, yes. They approached the Roman's tents."

* * * *

Mr. Jordon—"Miss Bedard, are your feet in the aisle?"

Isabelle—"Yes."

Mr. Jordon—"Well, how do you expect me to get by?"

* * * *

Mrs. Neighbour—"But isn't your son rather young to join the army?"

Mrs. Malaprop—"Oh yes, but he is only going to join the infantry."

* * * *

Mistress—"Let me see, what's your name?"

New Maid—"Minnie. Mum."

Mistress—"Well Minnimum, if you'll only do the maximum of work we'll get along nicely."

* * * *

Personnel of 3A.

Joe McKeown, nicknamed Irish,
Is the clown of our domain,
He has heaps of jokes—so stylish,
And they never are in vain.

J. Archer is the leading vamp,
She can keep boys on the tramp,
Especially one—but, goodness me,
I wonder who the wretch can be?

Then Tommy Baird is our or-a-tor,
And very proud of him are we,
For Tommy stands—feet on the floor—
He's never shaky in the knee.

Ruth Kirkpatrick is our star,
A player of the famous lot,
A second Buckindail—they say
When she is trying for a shot.

Freddie Whitcombe, our six-footer,
Is famed for choosing a snappy looker,
But when he picked his latest queen,
We think that he was in a dream.

And Annie Leslie is so clever
No wonder she has won great fame,
The knowledge she stows in her letters,
Would 'most put Mr. Grant to shame.

* * * *

The Usual Answer.

H. Fulkerson—"May we play basketball?"

Miss Burriss—"I'll see."

I. Foster—"No, let's dance."

WANTED

By
 Cec. Pollard—An elevator.
 Eileen Cook—School Bus.
 Ven Couse—Wife.
 Dave Mackenzie—Season ticket to
 Majestic.
 Margaret McCormick—An alarm
 Clock.
 Lloyd Hallam—More homework.
 Miss Harris—More prepared lessons
 Miss Jones—More heat.
 Harold Maitland—A French book
 made easy.

* * * *

POPULAR SONGS

Heard on his "Masters Voice" Records

Shufflin' Along—By D. Macklin.
 I Love Me—By C. Keeber.
 Easy Melody—By School Orchestra.
 When Frances Dances with Me—By
 Tom Baird.
 Tommy Lad—By Fran Grace.
 Homesick?—By S.C.I. Rugby Team.
 Runnin' Wild—By Ted Kennedy.
 I Never Thought You'd Care—By
 Lillian Wheatley.
 Sleep—By Harold VanHorne.
 My Sweetie's Gone Away—By Olie
 McGrath.
 The Sheik—By J. McKeown.
 Somebody Stole My Gal...By David
 Mackenzie.

* * * *

AT THE MOVIES

Tom Baird—In "The Country Kid."
 Glead Workman — In "Itching
 Palms."
 Gates—In "The New Lady."
 'Gus' Pugh—In "The Bugles of Al-
 giers."
 Mr. Grant — In "Times Have
 Changed."
 Isaac Lampel—In "Women Proof."
 Dorothy French—In "The Cry of
 the Hawk."
 Lloyd Hallam—In "Why Worry."
 (about Exams.)
 Dorothy Willson — In "Golden
 Locks."
 Joe Jordan— In "Jazzmania."
 Chas. Lebel—In "The Ramblin' Kid"
 Logan Millman—In "The Way Men
 Love."

By
 Mr. Asbury—A full attendance at
 the Glee Club.
 Students—Shorter hours.
 Editors—A rest.
 Dot Willson—An Interpreter (of
 jokes).
 Freddie Pugh—A playmate.
 Ted Kennedy—A good basketball
 team.
 Teachers—More concentration.
 Freshies—Recess.
 Isaac Lampel—An elastic belt.
 Chas. Lebel—A Detroit Directory.

Somebody Lied—By Mr. Campbell.
 Mad—By Blair Pardee.
 Who's Sorry Now—By Basketball
 Team.
 Oh! Harold—By Dorothy Couse.
 She Told Me She Loved Me but Oh
 How She Lied—By Reid Berk-
 eley.
 Big Blonde Mamma—By Nellie
 Gordon.
 Your Eyes Have Told Me So—By
 K. Garrett.
 My Buddie—By Etta Brown.
 I'm Nobody's Darling—By Sheik
 Harris.
 Mary—By Roy Brown.

Harold Maitland—In "The Hum-
 ming Bird."
 Dave Mackenzie — In "Prince
 Charming."
 Pupils of S.C.I.—In "The Valley of
 Lost Souls."
 Blair Pardee—In "A Lady of Qual-
 ity."
 ? ? & ?—In "Three Wise Fools."
 S. C. I. Basketball Team—In "Pil-
 grims of the Night."
 Stanley Crompton—In "The Drivin'
 Fools."
 V. Couse—In "A Gentleman of
 Leisure."
 E. Cook—In "In Search of a Thrill."
 The Commercial Girls—In "Painted
 People."

Conductor—"This is a smoking car, madam."

Young lady—"Oh, good, Have you a match?"

* * * *

Nurse, to chambermaid—"Baby's got her mama's complexion, sure."

Father, from next room—"Nurse are you letting baby play with those paints?"

* * * *

The Dog's Diet.

Little Girl—"Please kind sir, does that dog bite?"

Colonel—"Yes it does, and you'd better not come in here, for we're particular what we feed it."

* * * *

The Appointment.

Mr. Fielding—"I'll see you to-night."

D Kemp—"I'm sorry, but I have another date."

* * * *

Mr. Martin—"If you want to make that song a success you'll have to sing louder."

Dorothy French—"I am singing as loud as I can. What more do you want?"

Mr. Martin—"Be more enthusiastic. Open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

* * * *

When We'll Like School

When girls have ceased to powder,
When boys have ceased to smoke,
When mosquitoes live on chowder,
And teachers take a joke.

When homework does itself at night,
And our coffee isn't muddy,
And everything we do is right,
That's when we'll like to study.

When exams arrive no more
And games and dances are the rule,
O, then and not before,
We'll fall in love with school.

* * * *

Hostess—"Must you be going Mr. McKeown?"

Joe (absent-mindedly)—"Er-yes-good night, WZOK signing off at 11.15 p.m."

* * * *

What a rotten boulder you turned out to be, murmured Mary Watson, disgustedly, looking for a more lively tennis ball.

* * * *

She was pure and white as snow—but she drifted.

* * * *

"I'm spending the week-end with Marge in New York, any message?"

"What! That cat!—Give her my love!"

* * * *

"Janie, it does me good to go out to dances with you."

"Same here, you see my doctor told me to take my exercise with dumbbells."

* * * *

Father—"What did you do with the check I sent you."

Roy Brown—"Alma Mater took it, Dad"

Father—"And I told you to keep away from those women."

R. Heal (in Span. Class)—“Helen, have you heard my last joke?”

H. Crawford (continues working)—“I hope so!”
* * * *

Conductor—“Say, young man, you can’t go to London on this ticket. It’s
marked London to Sarnia.”

Mint White—“That’s all right, I’ll ride backwards.”



Autograph Page

Mary C. Butler
Lila Wilson
Mabel R. R. R.
Victoria Scarron.
Sadie A. Knowles
Helen Sweet.

Autograph Page

Autograph Page

Martha Stothers 2 B. Col.

Ruth Hicks 1 A. Col.

John H. Marshall .

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Instruction is offered in Day and Evening Classes in academic and vocational courses of study. All Day Courses provide a liberal education in English, Mathematics, Science, History and Geography. Additional subjects are offered to suit the requirements of the student. The following notes will be found helpful and should afford guidance to parents and pupils.

ACADEMIC COURSES—These prepare candidates for entrance to the Normal Schools and to the Universities. Attendance for four years or more is required to complete these courses.

VOCATIONAL COURSES—These prepare boys and girls for commercial, business, industrial and homemaking pursuits. The Commercial Course requires attendance for two or three years. Special Courses in commercial subjects may be completed in one year by students who have the equivalent of two or more years of High School work. Technical and Industrial Courses are offered in Drafting, Machine Shop Practice, Woodworking, Auto Mechanics and Electricity. The Home-making Course for girls prepares for scientific home management. A Prevocational Course is offered to boys and girls to enable them to make an intelligent choice of an occupation through the means of "Try-out" Courses. Three or more years attendance is recommended for all day pupils who enroll in courses.

CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION

The Entrance Certificate or its equivalent is required for all courses except the Prevocational. Pupils with Fourth Book standing may enter the Prevocational Course.

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Other courses of vocational value may be opened upon application, provided there is a sufficient enrolment.

Enrolment takes place during the first week in October. Nominal fees are charged for the Night Classes.

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Manager—"Yes."

As usual—"Wash my hands, will you?"

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Waiter (placing plate of soup before Gates who sniffs it suspiciously)—"It looks like rain Sir."

Gates—"Yes and I guess it tastes like dish water."

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wonder are trying to catch up
to chickenbone at

JAMIESON'S

Conductor—"Our train hit a big bear up the road and killed it."

Carter—"Goodness gracious! Was the bear on the track?"

Conductor—"Oh no, son, the train had to go up in the woods after it."

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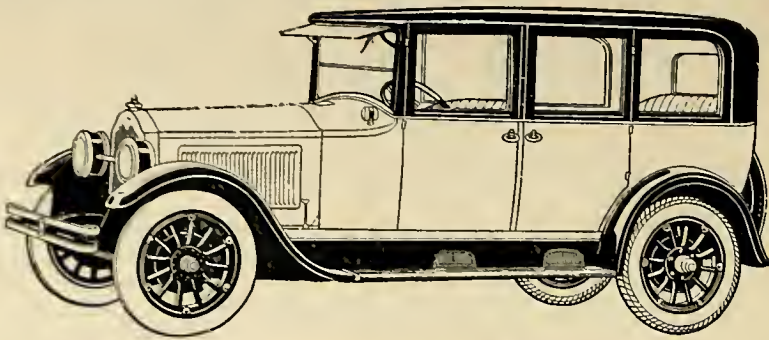
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